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Better Mothers

Editorial Foreword

On Mother's Day, May 8, an old question is often repeated: Why is the death rate of motherhood higher in the United States than in most civilized countries?

Twenty-two years ago an American mother in Wyoming wrote to the Children's Bureau in Washington a letter which has become historic; it epitomizes many of the problems with which friends of better motherhood still have to cope:

> I should like all the publications on the care of myself, now pregnant, and upon the care of the baby. I live 65 miles from the doctor. When my two other children were born I was very ill each time. I am so worried and filled with horror at the problems ahead. So many of my neighbors die at giving birth to their children. I have a baby 11 months old now whose mother died when I reached their cabin last November. It was 22 below zero and I had to ride seven miles on horseback. She was nearly dead when I got there and died after giving birth to a 14 pound boy.

What is the indictment? More than 2,000,000 homes in the United States await the birth of a child every year, and in 150,000 families the mother or baby dies. In addition, an uncounted number of women are unnecessarily injured in health, or their children handicapped. Although we boast of the highest standards of living in the world and the most skillful physicians, we suffer, on the average, 57 maternal deaths for every 10,000 live births in our country; Sweden permits only 33. The majority of our expectant mothers are still ignorant of the rudiments of prenatal precaution. As yet only a small proportion of them enjoy the care of a professional nurse. A quarter of a million every year bring children into the world without the attendance of a physician.

The explanation of our backwardness about motherhood is to be found in our inherited individualism. Birth is a social matter calling for technical experience and skill.

Ignorance, Abortion, Syphilis

There were 2,114,790 babies born in the United States in 1936. Of these, 1,012,957 were born in urban, 1,131,833 in rural, communities. Of the total, 40.9 per cent were born in hospitals; 47.3 per cent were delivered by physicians in homes, 10.4 per cent by untrained midwives. Custom varies in the different States. In Connecticut, 79 per cent of the live births occurred in hospitals. In Wyoming, 98 per cent of the babies were delivered by physicians in homes. In Mississippi, 51 per cent of the mothers were attended only by so-called midwives.

In 1936, 12,182 mothers died in the United States as a result of pregnancy or childbirth. Probably 95 per cent of the physicians attend-

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ing these cases lacked proper obstetrical experience. But more than half the deaths were caused by diseases or conditions that might have been prevented by proper prenatal diet, exercise and cleanliness.

Many deaths were owing to abortions. There are about 700,000 abortions in the United States every year, as compared with 2,000,000 live births. Abortion is a social-economic problem. Until poverty is eradicated, continence or better birth control must be practiced by men as well as women, married or unmarried, and illegitimate children protected (as in Norway) by the community.

The mortality of mothers is, of course, but a small percentage of the casualties that attend the effort to renew our population in the face of a diminishing birth rate. In the United States, 73,735 babies were born dead in 1936, and another 70,000 babies died in the first month of life.

Syphilis is another cause of stillbirths and of death in early infancy. In addition, it is responsible for many physical and mental defects among children who survive. Syphilis can be wiped out in a generation. As Surgeon General Parran says,

> No woman need bear a syphilitic child. Specifically every pregnancy should mean a Wassermann test. If treatment is started before the fifth month, a healthy child is assured in nine out of ten cases.

Every State should pass a law which would require all pregnant women to be tested for syphilis.

Throughout the nation there are now organizations engaged in creating conditions for intelligent motherhood. Three of them, one federal, one urban, one rural, are perhaps outstanding in achievement.

The Children's Bureau of the Labor Department has distributed more copies of its bulletin, "Infant Care," to the mothers of America, especially in the sparsely settled districts, than have been published in the same period of any book except the Bible. Three years ago the social-security act allowed the Children's Bureau $3,800,000 annually to match the efforts of the States in public-health nursing and other aids to maternal care. All the States have risen to the opportunity. But the appropriation is little more than that voted to preserve our wild animal life. Last January the Bureau called a national conference in Washington which recommended a greatly increased appropriation. In these days of huge government spending, the better health of American mothers would seem a more permanent and constructive national need than even new highways and forests.

Obstetricians, Midwives

Last night I attended an eager fathers' class at the Maternity Center Association in New York City. Maternity classes for fathers and mothers are now being conducted, thanks to the educational work of this association, in every State of the Union. In city districts supervised by the Association, the death rate has been reduced to one third the prevailing mortality. The Association conducts a school for nurse midwives in New York City, and its graduates are addressing some 300 maternity institutes in all parts of the country.

The Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service has carried more than 2,000 mothers of the mountains through pregnancy and confinement with the loss of only 2 lives. This service employs expert nurse midwives instead of physicians, and many of them have to be imported from Great Britain. For in Great Britain midwifery is an exact profession, regulated by the "midwives act" of 1936. There is as yet, however, but the one efficient school for midwives in all of America; most of our 30,000 so-called midwives are admirable women but inexperienced. Midwifery is a service we should extend in country districts that are too far away from the obstetrician available for difficult confinements in city cases.

Our national campaign for better motherhood calls for more study in obstetrics by the family physician; for more specialists in obstetrics and pediatrics; for a doubling of our public-health nursing service, including midwifery; for health centers in small towns; and for maternity centers in our large cities. Above all, mothers everywhere must themselves cooperate and assume full responsibility for the privilege nature has given them of renewing the life of the race. Other nations are training for health for war. American mothers and fathers must gird up their loins to ensure humanity for peace.

Henry Goddard Leach

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City of Fallen Angels

by **CLINTON J. TAFT**

A BOMB EXPLODED in Los Angeles recently. It nearly killed one man and raised more hell for a lot of others than the sprawling City of the Angels has been able to assimilate readily.

The physical victim of the bomb was Harry Raymond, private detective and former peace officer. He apparently knew too much about political ramifications of gambling and vice among the Angels. How he survived the explosion for more than a few hours is still something of a medical enigma.

Raymond went out to his garage one morning and stepped on the starter of his new sedan. The resulting blast fractured an arm and leg and mutilated him, wrecked his car, blew out all four walls of the garage, hurled the engine hood through the roof, and cast debris for 300 yards.

Through some miraculous dispensation, however, Raymond lived.

Detectives found that the explosion was caused by a black-powder bomb fashioned with a length of two-inch pipe wired to the starter mechanism of the automobile.

District Attorney Buron Fitts and numerous investigators reached the police emergency hospital almost as soon as the mangled Raymond did. For the time being, Raymond had little to say, except to hint that he knew who was responsible. Officialdom became excited and scared. The first obvious theory was that — since Raymond had been investigating vice conditions — the bombing was a "routine" underworld job. But this explanation soon tottered.

Raymond had not been working for authorities interested in prosecuting vice cases but was on a private assignment linked with the planned exposure of political corruption on a large scale.

As surgeons began their week-long task of removing 150 pieces of bomb and automobile from Raymond's body, something in the air portended sensational developments. Even so, the public, except for a small, discerning segment, was unprepared for the charges and disclosures that followed.

The county grand jury eventually accused Acting Captain Earle E. Kynette and two members of the so-called police intelligence squad of the bombing. They were held without bond on charges of conspiracy to murder, attempted murder, assault with intent to commit murder, and malicious use of explosives. Their trial was set to start April 14.

Other developments before and after the indictments:

For the first time it was publicly charged that Kynette and his seventeen men were a sort of secret police agency, a roving squad of supersnoopers assigned to spy on critics of the local political administration and to combat antiadministration activities, without being directly responsible to anyone — at least anyone willing to admit it.

Kynette was found to have a file of some 60 dossiers on prominent persons and officials, including Raymond and District Attorney Fitts.

Not counting additions to the dossiers, the "spy" squad was shown to have done little work that appeared on the record during the past two years, except to arrest Robert Noble, pension-plan leader, on a parade-ordinance charge.

Reporters unearthed what they called the espionage budget, showing $40,000 a year for expenses and $42,720 for salaries — $3,000 for Kynette, $2,400 each for 14 men, and $2,040 each for the other 3.

Various witnesses made charges of spy-squad terrorism.

Investigators claimed the snoopers had rented a cottage across the street from Raymond's home, about 150 feet distant, and had

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been spying on him for more than 3 months before the bombing, apparently shadowing him and all his visitors and tapping his telephone wires.

Kynette and twelve of his men, examined by grand jurors and investigators, invoked their constitutional rights and declined to discuss the Raymond case on the ground that they might incriminate themselves. Most of them refused to tell even patently nonincriminating details, such as whether they had made any arrests in the past year and who issued their orders.

Speaker William Moseley Jones of the California State Assembly launched a survey of Los Angeles vice conditions, which soon struck a number of snags.

The Citizens' Independent Vice Investigating Committee (known as CIVIC), fostered by Clifford E. Clinton, crusading member of the 1937 grand jury, telegraphed Governor Frank F. Merriam urging appointment of "a fearless, independent special prosecutor who will do for us what Dewey did for New York."

Bland Governor Merriam, a baldish septuagenarian political accident from Iowa, came down to Los Angeles and looked the situation over. He returned to Sacramento without having made any move calculated to hamper seriously his fall campaign for re-election.

Following the lead of Clinton's CIVIC came the formation of the Federation for Civic Betterment, representing 350 groups with a total membership of about 100,000 and with a directing committee of 25 pledged to a cleanup. This committee is headed by the acute Dr. Leonard Oechsli, district superintendent of Methodist churches in the Los Angeles area, and includes men from the business community and pastors of leading Protestant and Jewish churches.

State Attorney General U. S. Webb, no lover of Los Angeles, appointed one of his deputies as a "special observer" in the situation.

Demands were made in various quarters for discharge of the spy squad or resignation of the police chief and mayor.

Clinton's CIVIC, including three other members of the 1937 grand jury, started to circulate petitions to recall Mayor Frank L. Shaw.

District Attorney Fitts selected Joseph Fainer as special prosecutor to handle the bombing case.

Campaign Contributions

In the immediate background of the bombing were two lines of inquiry, both affecting the city-county governments, especially the Shaw administration. One was Raymond's investigation in the bankruptcy case of Harry E. Munson, Shaw's first campaign manager and later police commissioner. The other was Clinton's long fight for a cleanup of vice, rackets, and political corruption generally — a fight in which his maneuvers received no conspicuous assistance from certain of his fellow grand jurors or from the district attorney's office. Clinton was also hampered by adverse court decisions and by the attitude of the larger Los Angeles press, which ranged from condescension down to the *Los Angeles Times's* open sneering.

It should be noted that Clinton and District Attorney Fitts reached some sort of a truce within three hours after the Raymond bombing. Once bitter enemies, they now left the hospital together, talking earnestly. Fitts later assumed active leadership of the investigation, aided by City Detective Chief Joseph Taylor, an old friend of Raymond's to whom the latter apparently did most of his "talking" about the bombing.

Raymond, a veteran former detective with the Los Angeles police force and later San Diego police chief, had been making undercover inquiries for Attorney A. Brigham Rose in the Munson bankruptcy case — and Rose also is attorney for Clinton.

The bankruptcy proceedings grew out of a judgment for $2,900 which Ralph H. Gray obtained against Munson for services rendered as an aide in the Shaw mayoralty campaign in 1933. From time to time the hearings were continued, largely because process servers were unable to locate much-desired witnesses. These witnesses included two prominent figures of Los Angeles' underworld, Bob Gans, often called the slot-machine king, and saturnine Guy McAfee, retired police vice-squad executive.

Early in the Munson hearings, Gray testified he saw Munson receive from $10,000 to $20,000 from Gans during the first Shaw campaign. Gray said he also heard McAfee

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discuss several appointments to city positions, including that of Munson as police commissioner, which became a reality after Shaw was elected.

Not until last March 9, nineteen days after the snooper-squad indictments, did Rose finally succeed in placing Gans on the witness stand.

Gans then testified he never contributed money to Munson in political campaigns or otherwise. Rose asked if Gans attended a conference at the Biltmore Hotel, when Munson's resignation as police commissioner was demanded, with Raymond and McAfee present. The federal referee in bankruptcy, however, sustained opposing counsel's objections, and Gans did not answer. Gans also denied any Fitts campaign contributions. A previous witness in the case testified he knew Munson received $200 a month from Gans in the 1936 campaign when Munson was a worker at Fitts's headquarters.

McAfee also was reported to be awaiting only a call to testify, but Rose closed the case, saying he did not care to examine McAfee unless Raymond could be present or to seek still another continuance to such date as this would become possible.

Hidden Machinery

Soon after the bombing, Rose made the statement that Raymond knew "more about vice and corruption and their connection with the city hall than any man alive — and they know he knows it." Just how much of Raymond's data became available to Clinton as a grand juror has not been disclosed. But the indefatigable Clinton had become such a gadfly that his own home was bombed last fall. Also bombed was the apartment of Lyndon (Red) Foster, editor of a political magazine which, no doubt coincidentally, had criticized the police department. Not much damage and no injuries resulted in either case.

Time and again Clinton — whose efforts antedate the Munson case — and others have voiced their charges, which, when you put them together, indicate that the City of the Angels is organized something like this:

A "syndicate" is able to derive millions of dollars in profits from large gambling establishments, prostitution, horse-race bookmaking, slot machines, marble games, and other similar activities. With these resources, the syndicate can and does emasculate enforcement of vice laws. But it does not resort to mere petty bribery and risky pay-offs to grafting underlings of the government — a system so familiar in other cities as to excite only yawns. The syndicate goes higher up. It makes campaign contributions based on definite understandings. It underwrites campaign deficits. Sometimes, it backs two likely horses in a political race and also takes as security resignations signed in advance of anticipated election. After election, the syndicate makes what might be described vulgarly as pay-offs at stated intervals, but these, it seems, ordinarily are only payments on campaign deficits or else contributions toward the next campaign.

There is another phase of the picture — a phase even more significant for the usually complaisant public but camouflaged actively or passively through the major press and soft-pedaled by other devious means.

Influential citizens and interests become allies of vice-controlled administrations or at least tolerate them, with the knowledge that such administrations will be "safe" otherwise. In return for this encouragement or toleration, which of course aids in shaping press attitudes, members of this group expect certain things. They want business favors and protection in legal adversity or scandal. They also expect the *status quo* to be preserved against encroachments of labor, pension plans, and other dangerous schemes.

Early tests of Clinton's charges came to naught. Names of suspected law violators and addresses of places named as harboring violations were supplied to authorities. Usually, formal reports came back through official channels that regular officers assigned to investigate the charges could find no evidence of law violations.

Here is one example. On March 8, the city council received back from the police commission a six-month-old list of gambling places, which Clinton had submitted. Attached memoranda of investigating officers were mainly negative. The council voted, ten to four, to "file" the report.

Reform efforts apparently have achieved something in unincorporated county territory. But the district attorney and sheriff, who exercise primary jurisdiction in county areas, are

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not barred from enforcing acts in cities. In Los Angeles, openly operating slot machines and bookmaking marts have disappeared. The much-publicized onslaught against open bookmaking in Los Angeles occasioned little surprise, however, since it was naturally assumed that the powerful race-track interests would prefer that bettors come to the track, pay admittance charges and wagering percentages, and patronize the concessions.

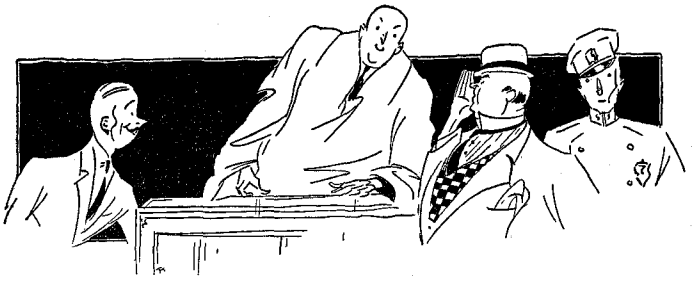
The Cast of Players

Some of the characters in the Los Angeles drama may seem to fall short of advance billing — but certainly not Police Chief James E. Davis. The handsome officer lectures frequently on "Americanism," before women's meetings and others, and, regardless of *non sequiturs* from the platform, never has been accused of lacking sex appeal.

Clifford E. Clinton is a small and unobtrusive man who is a wealthy owner of cafeterias and hotels. He should, one would say, have been on the side of property and machine government. His Los Angeles cafeteria, known as the world's largest, is a rendezvous for various political, social, economic, and intellectual groups.

As a county supervisor, Frank L. Shaw collected the necessary votes to succeed Mayor J. C. Porter in 1933. (Porter, a former junk dealer and reformist mayor, advertised Los Angeles to the world when he declined to drink a wine toast in France along with a junketing party of other mayors.) After displacing Porter, the diminutive, doe-eyed Shaw, who affects a Hitler moustache, either decided or was prevailed on to have his every statement or speech, no matter how brief, typed out in advance. Since then, it is never surprising, at any public function, to see Shaw whip out a speech from concealment about his person and read it.

Shaw has striven mightily to side-step controversial issues, except those that seem to him to involve "un-Americanism." In instances of this sort, both he and Davis often wrap themselves in the flag and have recourse to the rubriphobic ideology and language of the *Los Angeles Times*.



"Liberal" elements in Los Angeles began to distrust Shaw as mayor soon after his election. It was not long before the 1934 grand jury began to investigate the sources of election campaign funds. One of Shaw's lieutenants, James E. Bolger, refused, however, to disclose sources of funds he had collected, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. Bolger later was promoted to a handsome job on the city payroll.

Comparatively recently, Shaw's brother and secretary, Lieutenant Joe Shaw, late of the U. S. Navy, has come to be regarded more and more as a power in the city. He now seems to be the administration's chief contact man.

In some quarters, the lieutenant has been credited with direct, personal control over the Kynette supersnoopers. But, after Kynette's arrest, he denied ever having issued any orders in connection with the squad's work. He also denied knowledge of the spying on Raymond. Soon after this, Chief Davis said that the snoopers were not under his own direct supervision. Since the snoopers themselves declined to name the source of their orders, there the whole mysterious question rested.

Other characters in the Los Angeles drama may be selected from the fat-faced Kynette's dossiers, since he or someone must have thought them important. Besides files on Fitts, Raymond, Clinton, and "Red" Foster, there were dossiers on the following:

County Supervisor John Anson Ford, a liberal who ran against Mayor Shaw in the latter's successful re-election campaign.

Harlan G. Palmer, lawyer and publisher of the *Hollywood Citizen-News*, long a trenchant critic of Los Angeles city and county conditions, who responded to a "draft" nomination and gave Fitts a close race in 1936 for the district attorney's office.

Orville Forrester, a shadowy political figure who once aided in the antivice exposures, by radio broadcast, of Evangelist Rheba Crawford, erstwhile copastor of Angelus Temple. (The Temple is home base for Aimee Semple McPherson, high priestess of the Four Square Gospel.)

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Wilbur LeGette, former Crawford associate.

District attorney's investigators left Fitts's dossier in possession of the spy squad. Others were taken before the grand jury.

Charges on the Record

On October 11, Clinton filed an amended petition asking superior court to disqualify six fellow grand jurors from consideration of vice matters, on the ground that they were, variously, connected directly or indirectly with gambling interests supporting the city machine, receiving favors from the city, and otherwise biased. This supplanted a previous petition, which the court held insufficient, asking that the grand jury be required to hear Clinton's evidence and that District Attorney Fitts be restrained from interfering with presentation of witnesses. In the amended petition, Grand Jury Foreman John E. Bauer, among others, was described as unfit because he "received special favors and business from the city administration and the county," through paint contracts.

These charges were based on half a dozen affidavits. Some of the affiants were picked up later on charges ranging from perjury to vagrancy.

Backtracking on the notarization of one affidavit, Fitts one night personally led a raid on the A. P. Angelillo home. Violence resulted, and the family sued Fitts and his aides for $300,000 damages.

With the aid of a Fitts deputy, majority-faction grand jurors later started contempt proceedings in court against Clinton and Grand Juror Harry L. Ferguson. This move, however, proved a smashing boomerang. In the hearing, which resulted in dismissals of the citations, Ferguson filed an answer that finally placed Clinton's vice-corruption charges in open court records for the first time.

This answer embraced a roundup statement which, according to Ferguson, Clinton had read to the grand jury nearly a month before but which had resulted in no action.

In the statement, Clinton charged that a vast politico-vice combine had existed for years. He designated his characters only by alphabetical symbols but said:

> If you will give me an unattached deputy district attorney and permit me to bring in witnesses I will unfold by competent, unimpeachable sworn testimony not only the matters briefly outlined herein, but the whole sordid, stinking mess.

Apparently intrigued by Clinton's alphabetical references, the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* called his statement a "meller drammer of alleged vice conditions in Los Angeles."

Clinton's cast and story follow:

A — a former mayor of Los Angeles
B — a chief of police
C — a mayor who succeeded A
D — a new mayor's brother
E — a man who aided D
F — a man who hired Madame X to expose vice over the radio
G — a man who worked with E in collecting payoffs from the bookies
X — supreme boss of the vice syndicate
Y — a former policeman who controls the police department
Z — a man supposedly having influence with the district attorney's and sheriff's offices and grand jury
Madame X — a woman who attacks vice conditions by radio

Clinton said that Boss X was responsible for

> creating public utterances of many city and county officials and creation of a syndicate for the purpose of pollution of local government and control of many of those elected and appointed.

Y, he said,

> passes on who shall be our police commissioners, civil service commissioners and health commissioners, and his satellites must be interviewed in order to procure concessions for gambling and houses of prostitution.

As for Z, his

> jurisdiction and territory comprises influence on the district attorney, the grand jury, some of our justices and the sheriff's office.

After Mayor A was elected — Clinton's story continued — Z sent to him and offered, on behalf of the combination, to pay him $10,000 a month for 18 months and $50,000 cash for his campaign fund for re-election — if A would appoint B chief of police and place certain men in key positions on the vice squad. A was defeated in his re-election race, C winning. Immediately after the election, however, B was appointed chief of police, and the men designated by Z were appointed to the vice squad.

> In consideration of campaign contributions to city and county officials, pacts have been entered into

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promising to permit so many houses of prostitution, so many gambling houses, so many bookie establishments and innumerable violations of the law.

All the institutions permitted to operate have been paying weekly payments.

C's brother, D, muscled into the combination after the election. He has been active in the matter of arranging the pay-off from houses of prostitution, gambling, and bookies. . . . The evidence already before you [the grand jury] shows that Madame X was hired by F and John Does 1, 2, and 3 to expose over the radio the spots where there existed gambling and prostitution authorized by Y in the first place, and countenanced by B and his pivotal men.

I have already shown, and am prepared to establish it beyond peradventure of a doubt, that Y, for a cash consideration, bought off the heat and took her off the air.

I am prepared to show the alliance between Madame X and D wherein she was cut in on an agreed weekly stipend in a gambling house and house of prostitution and from hot night clubs. I am prepared to show that F, who was subpoenaed but never interrogated, has been one of the pivotal go-betweens between Y and the C machine.

F, in consideration of contributions, has been permitted to operate, and has caused to be operated, houses of vice. I am prepared to show that D, together with E and G, exacted weekly tribute from the bookies.

In dismissing contempt citations against Clinton, Ferguson, and Rose, however, the court took no cognizance of the Clinton statement included in Ferguson's answer. Mayor Shaw pooh-poohed it, and it seemed destined for oblivion.

Then, just after the 1937 grand jury disbanded, Clinton, Ferguson, and two other members, John L. Bogue and Earl H. Kelly, attempted to file for public record a minority report on vice and corruption. But Superior Judge Charles W. Fricke ruled against them. Clinton and his associates later had the report printed. In it, they attempted to account for the public apathy that continued until the Raymond bombing January 14 set the town agog and lent new significance to the "reformers'" activities.

Read the report:

The public in large part has been kept in ignorance of deplorable conditions through:

(A) Clever propaganda in radio broadcasts and the sinister control of new sources.

(B) Seemingly vigorous prosecution of various offenders, thugs and mobsters who are not members of the protected crime syndicates — prosecuted as an example to those who are not in on the pay-off.

(C) Campaigns to discredit or terrorize every sincere citizen who raises his voice in warning to the public.

(D) Gifts, campaign employment with generous compensation, the subsidizing of certain newspaper attachés with emoluments from secret service funds, the cajoling of police, citizens, civic and religious leaders by the conferring of honorary police and sheriff officers' courtesy cards and shields, and promises of special favors or protection.

EXPLANATIONS

FIVE DAYS after the Raymond bombing, District Attorney Fitts summoned Kynette and seven squadmen to his office for questioning about the alleged police bungalow near Raymond's home and tapping of the latter's telephone wires. The upshot of the lengthy examination was that Kynette and D. M. Draper were formally charged with wiretapping and released on bond. After the 1938 grand jury was empaneled later, this complaint was supplanted by the murder-conspiracy indictments against Kynette, Fred A. Browne, and Roy J. Allen of the snooper squad, also two John Does. (The question whether the John Does would turn out to be only other members of the squad or, possibly, higher-ups has provided some interesting speculation in advance of the trial.)

Both Mayor Shaw and Police Chief Davis escaped the first impact of the furor that ensued on the Kynette-Draper arrests. Shaw was in Washington, and Davis in Mexico City on another junket with the fancy police pistol team (Davis makes quite a social and political rendezvous of his department's pistol range). On their return to Los Angeles, they minimized the arrests. Shaw met reporters with a thin parable taken to indicate that Raymond himself might have planted the bomb. Davis refused to suspend Kynette and Draper, even on Fitts's written request.

Fitts was incensed. He was quoted as saying and then denying that a definite break had resulted between his office and the police department. As late as mid-March, however, Fitts's investigators arrested the Shaw-appointed President of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, E. J. Amar, on charges of renting property to gambling interests. They made the arrest in a bookmaking establishment in his building, just as he was about to place a bet, they reported. Amar resigned from the harbor board a few days later.

Chief Davis has supplied a rather astounding explanation of the spy squad's functions (considering some of the names on its dossiers), as follows:

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> It is an age-old practice of criminal elements to destroy public confidence in law enforcement agencies. This is done by disseminating insidious propaganda and innuendoes through the medium of individuals who wear the cloak of crusaders or reformers.
>
> Every groundless attack designed to discredit the police department and thus destroy public confidence, must be exposed and halted. Through operations of the intelligence unit, it is often possible to identify the real persons behind such movements and thus effectively prevent them from achieving their objective, which is to destroy police morale and make criminal activities easier.
>
> The investigation of every attack upon the department is, consequently, routine procedure for the intelligence unit and requires no special orders or instructions from any officers superior in authority to the commander of the unit.

As if in echo to this, Mayor Shaw issued a statement describing leadership of the recall movement against him as an "alliance of hypocrisy with sedition and gangsterism." He charged the movement resulted from efforts of New York vice chieftains to gain a foothold in Los Angeles, saying the "ringleader" of the movement had proclaimed a plan to license prostitution and gambling.

With the recall leaders, he declared,

> are marching a rabble of avowed subversionists whose advertised aim is nothing less than destruction of the American form of government, wholesale or piecemeal.

Angel Cops

In the midst of the Raymond investigation, Speaker Jones's State Assembly committee heard astounding testimony as to Kynette's activities.

John Packard and James Carter, attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union, southern California branch, told of Kynette's efforts to forestall a federal court suit which they filed two years ago attacking Chief Davis' border blockade against "undesirable" travelers. At that time, Davis had Los Angeles policemen stationed at all main points of entry to the State to act as judge and jury in the matter of who should be permitted to come into California. John Langan, Hollywood mining engineer with interests in Arizona, was one of the many persons bulldozed and turned back at the border. He became plaintiff in the suit for injunction and damages against Davis.

The lawyers' story was this:

In attempting to induce Langan to withdraw the suit, Kynette first took him on rounds of entertainment and tried to convince him that withdrawal would be to his advantage in several ways. He also sought to enlist pressure from Langan's business partners. When these tactics failed, Kynette warned Langan that the life of his three-year-old daughter would be endangered.

Langan's wife became so apprehensive that she threatened to inform authorities. Whereupon Langan and Mrs. Langan's brother bound her hand and foot and sent for Kynette. When he arrived at the apartment, he taped her mouth and kept her bound until six o'clock the next morning. Then he summoned a physician in an attempt to have her removed to the psychopathic ward of the county hospital. The doctor, however, said she was merely nervous and gave her a sedative. Later she locked herself in a bathroom, opened the window, and screamed for help. A radio patrol car responded, but Kynette met the officers at the door and told them that it was only a hysterical woman and that he was in charge of the case. Mrs. Langan eventually managed to drop a note out of the window. A newsboy picked up the message and conveyed it to Packard, who rescued Mrs. Langan.

Langan withdrew the suit. Only recently he declared — according to Packard — that, if called on to make a public statement in the case, he would have to deny everything for fear of police reprisals.

This story aroused something of a public sensation. It came as no great surprise, however, to those who have kept up with the record of the Los Angeles police, particularly in labor activities and especially the unsavory history of the "Red squad" and its captain, William F. "Red" Hynes.

There is an amazing list of Los Angeles police shootings of suspects in petty criminal cases, most of them failing to excite a coroner's jury. Newspaper reports of such incidents often read like this: "Marksmanship of radio police was demonstrated again last night when Officers A and B brought down a burglary suspect," etc., or, "Officer C cut another notch in his trusty 45 after shooting a man believed implicated," etc.

In spite of competition from this record, however, the Raymond bombing, if Kynette and his aides did it, seems likely to go down as by far the most colossal *faux pas* in the department's history.

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One Year to Live

ANONYMOUS

DOCTOR, THE TRUTH, *please*. Is it cancer?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for your honesty. How long have I got?" Incredible that I should feel so calm, so unperturbed.

Apparently the doctor thinks so too, for he's looking at me rather strangely. "Come now, you can't pin me down like that. Great strides have been made in checking cancer. Remarkable results have been accomplished in recent years. You mustn't let it depress you."

"I'm not depressed" — and I have the full, astonishing realization that I'm actually not, either. I smile at him.

He regards me intently.

"Doctor," I say in my most convincing tone, "be fair and be truthful. You can help me greatly. If you evade the truth and specific answers I shall simply help myself."

I see immediately I've impressed him, for he at once asks me what it is I want to know.

I ask a lot of questions, and he answers every one. I feel that everything he tells me is truth but that he refrains from telling me the *whole* truth. His manner is very sincere, and I can see how earnestly he is striving to inject a reassuring tone without my detecting his effort. I pretend not to have noticed his scheme, and he probably attributes my calm state of mind to his psychological treatment. (Looking back on the interview I think perhaps I even a little enjoyed the atmosphere of drama that crept around the two of us, I playing the leading role. There was no mistaking a certain admiration that lay behind the doctor's glance as he watched my calm demeanor. I remember that, after he had answered the questions in which I was vitally interested, I became a trifle concerned with the effect of my performance on my audience of one.)

We talk back and forth, and finally, when the doctor apparently has decided that the effect of the first shock is safely over, he ends the interview in a manner that can only be described as artful. Nothing can be more subtle than a doctor's dismissal.

Nevertheless, I am outside the door with the knowledge that I am shortly to be dead of cancer.

As I drive home, traffic problems do not permit me much chance for thought, but later I have ample opportunity. It's over a week now since I sat in that doctor's office, and I've been thinking all the time.

It is eight weeks since I underwent the surgical operation. At that time I had no thought of cancer, nor, I think, had the doctor. It was events that followed — physical conditions that seemed otherwise unaccountable — that aroused my suspicions. Once warned, I watched for every smallest clue and, after endless putting of two and two together, I felt I had established my case. I presented the doctor with a list of facts which were pretty hard to gainsay. He knew that I guessed before he confirmed my observations. I went to him only to ask details of what was to follow. Now I know;

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my mind is clear and decided, and I am at peace.

An End to Fear

I have, in all probability, nearly a year to live free from pain and incapacity. I am, at present, in perfectly comfortable health and — astounding though it seems — I have an immeasurable sense of relief. This dominates all other feeling. I no longer have the nagging worry of a future pregnant with uncertainty; *there is to be no future.* And that is my relief.

During the past few years I and my husband have dreamed of and discussed many fond plans, only to discard all of them, feeling that we dared not venture, that we had to keep an eye to the future. Now I am rid of such frustration, for there is to be no future. There is to be only one year, which shall be filled with the exquisite bliss that comes only when one is utterly carefree.

To be completely happy, a person must abandon himself absolutely, unrestrainedly, to enjoyment. This I and millions like me have never been able to do. Always the thought of tomorrow has intruded on my happiness.

How could we keep up this terrific struggle for existence year after year? The securities (alas! what a misnomer) we had earlier laid aside as provision for our old age are worthless. What chance had we of re-establishing our future financial independence, of satisfying our material needs?

And what would the years lead us to? To bondage in a world of dictators? Was there pleasure in looking forward to years of closing my eyes to the blood running from the wounds of Europe, shutting out of my ears the cries of injustice in the Orient, turning my back on the persecution of innocents? I found none. All men are my brethren, and, in truth, I have welcomed the fate that will bring me oblivion. It was a future of *life*, not death, I found depressing.

There swirl all around our home the mad currents of the "civilized" world. We have been caught up and flung hither and thither in financial tides, commercial whirlpools, an economic maelstrom, a torrential flood from press and screen and radio. How *could* we abandon ourselves to joy? How could we ignore for a moment forces so inundating?

I used to observe the vortex and wonder how long before it would sweep us to ultimate destruction — or, if not to destruction, then where? I could find nothing which held promise that we might sail these waters to ultimate happiness and peace. I dared not think of years ahead. To think was to fear. So I battled against my thoughts, but now I need battle no more. How could the doctor have wondered at my calm, at my smile?

Perhaps before the end of this year I shall know pain, ghastly physical pain. Can it ever equal in torment the mental anguish that plagues us all today? Unprotestingly I will submit, knowing that sometimes the agonies of death are small compared to those of life.

A Happy Farewell

Were I able to live my life over again, I should alter it basically in only one respect. I should refuse to torture myself by contemplating the future; I'd strive to keep my thoughts constantly trained on the time when I must die and leave the whole world — everything — behind me. Then would I realize, as I now do, that *today* is the most important thing of all.

Our lives are not much different from cameras through whose lenses we see the world: each roll of film a span of life; the controlling factor, the shutter, our power of will. What is registered on the film and what is not depend

Design in Dust

Mercy, Lord, on little souls
Overstuffed for hero roles,

Midget conquerors who must
Write their chronicles in dust.

All that seemingly endures
Bears their transient signatures.

Cancel with oblivion these
Granular pomposities,

Genghis Khans, Napoleons,
Motes pretending to be suns.

Pity, Lord, a world that views
Life in dusty curlicues

Elias Lieberman

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solely on what we choose to open the shutter to. I see a perfect blossom and beside it a blighted leaf. I adjust my focus until I have eliminated the unwanted material. Thus the shutter has allowed only the lovely flower to reappear on the film. I have secured precisely what I sought.

How stupidly I have wasted years with my mind, my very soul, so filled with worry — about a future I know now is never going to arrive — that there was room for nothing else. A vast part of my only roll of film I have wasted on something I didn't even want.

In the one little year that I have left to live I will focus all my efforts on capturing only what I desire. I want to travel and I will. I've *always* wanted to travel but I used to feel I couldn't give up our little home and I knew we couldn't afford both to roam the world and keep the house. So I waited and let time slide by. Now I know that time is short and I have to make my choice. I want to travel more than I want the house: so we will rent the house and we will travel. But *time was always short*, and actually I could long ago have made my decision and exchanged what I had for something I more greatly desired.

True, my future is definitely death, but *so is yours*. If you can heighten your realization of that fact, it may strengthen your determination to find happiness in the present. All one needs is that determination. For there is nothing I am planning to do in this, my remaining year, that I could not have done before. There was nothing to stop me except my own fear.

I used to tell myself that any recklessness would be unfair to my husband. Why? He wanted happiness, too. What law is there that binds him to a life of constant struggle? It brings him neither joy nor peace of mind, proof that it's the wrong way of life. Yet he lacked the courage, even as I, to throw off the shackles of our fears for the future. He doesn't know the origin of my newborn courage, but his fears for any future have been vanquished by the force of my determination to be happy in the present. Alas, I could, by the same means, without the sorrowful necessity, have vanquished them years ago.

Who can say but that his future may be shorter even than mine? Who among us can *know* he will be in this world tomorrow?

No! no more worrying about tomorrow; we will henceforth live today for today. After I am gone, if my husband is left behind, he will have the happy memory of at least one year of our life completely fulfilled, one year which we dedicated to just being happy. How we've wasted those other years! Had we kept the inescapable end of life in our thoughts, instead of a vague and endless future, we'd have enjoyed every existing moment.

I know now that I cannot help the misery of all those whose suffering cries disturb me. I can only lessen the general turmoil by becoming a happy person myself, thus taking one soul from the great army of the discontented.

My awakening has come a bit late, for it took the actual sound of death in immediate pursuit to jolt me out of my spiritual slumber. Yet I believe I am more fortunate in having only one year to live, with a determination to enjoy it, than I would have been with many years and no such resolve.

Do not pity me when I admit to only 35 years nor deny yourself the truthful answer when I ask which of us will have had the most enjoyment from life. My lifetime will be measured by 36 years, but the happiness I will have known in that time I hope to make immeasurable. The length of life doesn't matter, only its enjoyment.

Before you spend your sympathy on me, look to your own life to see that it be not wanting, throughout its entire course, the measure of happiness which shall enrich my sole remaining year.

That suggestion is my legacy to you.

Good-by!

In an early issue:
"When You Give, It Hurts,"
by James Finan

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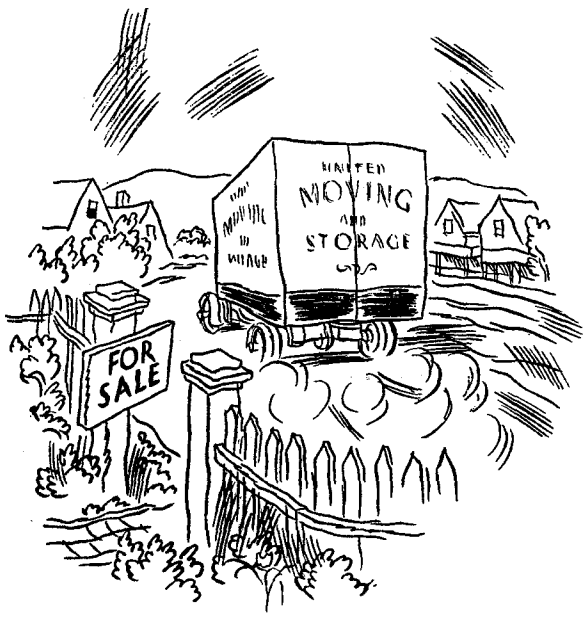
The Building and Loan Bubble

by **J. L. BROWN**



IN ALL THE discussions of co-operatives, whether in praise or in derision, there has yet to appear a critical piece on building and loan associations. This is surprising, since it is probable that they are the largest co-operatives in America, with a membership, in 1935, of more than 7,000,000 persons and assets approaching $6,000,000,000.

Outgrowth of the same idealistic era which also produced the Shakers, the Perfectionists of Oneida, and the Owenites, building and loan associations were nevertheless the solid contributions of a thrifty, stable working class, actuated by motives of self-help as well as altruism. But, on the dizzy financial heights of today, these associations are a far cry from the modest and useful organizations of old. Many of them, in fact, are frozen solid; and that they have not collapsed altogether in a debacle of almost unequaled unanimity is not the least remarkable circumstance in their curious and checkered career.

That they have managed, however, to deal co-operative finance a blow from which it may not soon recover thousands of disillusioned and embittered joiners will attest. For the mutual savings idea embodied in the building and loan plan was sold to America with all the fervor of a "cause." The slogan, adopted at a national convention of promoters was *The American Home, the Safeguard of American Liberties*, and the high purposes sounded induced thousands to enter the fold. Consequently, if the bursting of the bubble has bewildered many of these same folk, the reason is plain. They have been betrayed through the ineptitude of building and loan managers and the inefficiency of politicians in high governmental office. No other conclusion is justifiable from the facts.

II

HISTORICALLY, the idea of pooling funds for mutual aid is a rather ancient one. It was known and practiced in Europe and the East long before the American Revolution. In fact, the movement received its initial impetus here with the influx of immigrants familiar with co-operative finance and favorably disposed toward it. The first associations were in effect neighborhood clubs. Persons who desired to become homeowners and others who desired a safe outlet for funds began contributing regular sums monthly to a treasurer. When the aggregate of money was sufficient to buy or build a home for one member, a loan was made to the highest bidder, and a mortgage taken as security. As more funds accumulated, others borrowed for the same purpose, the loans being repaid over a fixed period of years. At the end of this time the borrowers received clear

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titles; nonborrowers got cash. The association, having achieved its purpose, terminated.

In this true co-operative, it will be observed, the joint purposes of thrift and home ownership were inseparable and of equal importance. Almost from the beginning, our various States recognized the quasi-public function of such groups and threw a protective legal cloak about them. They were afforded special immunities and privileges, such as exemption from usury and tax laws. (Later, even the federal government was to allow them to go tax-free.) They were permitted to exact fines and forfeitures from delinquent members, although this principle is frowned on elsewhere in the law as violative of due process. In short, building and loan associations emerged presently as the special darlings of the lawmakers. It was a singular development, and — to anticipate bluntly — their salvation in days when banks and other financial institutions were tumbling to earth in huge numbers.

The neighborhood club which loaned to its own members and terminated operations when its purposes were accomplished passed early into oblivion. Shrewder and more calculating minds, surveying the prospects in the light of popular appeal and governmental paternalism, evolved the "serial" type of association, which regularly conducted share campaigns among the general public and which entertained applications for mortgage loans from any source. The result was that associations soon did a thriving State-wide and even national business. Thrift and home ownership became incidental considerations, and money was farmed out on second and third mortgage and on anything from a bungalow to a factory. The neighborhood club had expanded into big business.

The phenomenal rise of co-operative finance is thus easily understandable. The promoters stressed the ecstasies of home ownership, thus fascinating millions of families, and loaned with lavish liberality on whatever came to hand. Naturally, through their favored status in the law, the exaction of "bonuses" for loans, and so forth, they were able to earn high return on investments; this in turn, attracting huge numbers of persons interested in profit. In addition, the promoters, finding systematic saving slow and old-fashioned, took to selling great blocks of paid-up shares to the rich. Successful thus in tapping the reservoirs of wealth, as well as in extracting concrete capital from aggregated poverty, building and loan associations soon left the banks far afield in mortgage financing. In 1935, the 10,534 associations in this country held mortgages totaling close to $4,000,000,000. The 14,959 State and federal banks didn't approach within $1,000,000,000 of that. The fact is that the banks, unable to compete, had for years been disposing of surplus money to their rivals.

This, then, is the situation as it appears on the surface and with which many whose savings are tied up in building and loan investments are variously and vaguely familiar. Millions are likewise familiar with the stock excuse that a stagnant real-estate market is the cause of it all, and they accept this for a logical answer. What they don't know is another story — the inside story.

To learn this, it is necessary to probe into the workings of a particular building and loan community. I have selected the State of New Jersey for the purpose, for two important reasons: firstly, because I am most familiar with the situation there and, secondly, because this State leads in amount of building and loan assets and gives way only to Pennsylvania in the number of associations. It is to be clearly understood, however, that the situation is general and not confined to any one State.

III

WHY CO-OPERATIVE finance should catch on so famously in New Jersey is in itself a minor mystery. But, at the dawn of the great financial drought of 1929, every third person was in B & L, as the common expression had it. Under the early laws of, for instance, the State's larger and wealthier neighbor, New York, it was possible to organize anything from a cockfight to a camp meeting, call it a building and loan association, and get away with it; yet the movement enjoyed only moderate success there. But in New Jersey, as in some other places, B & L became an amazing fetish.

The mechanics of founding associations were simple. A few of the promoters met, subscribed to some shares, and applied for a State charter. These charters the obliging authorities handed around with all the insouciance of politicians doing good deeds. The result was that every district and ward soon had its multiple

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associations, and often the same mushroom management figured in scores of them. Between the years 1910 and 1929, more than 1,000 charters were handed out indiscriminately by the New Jersey authorities, and rarely did the recipients possess any banking or financial experience. Particularly were they devoid of any understanding or background in co-operative endeavor. For the most part, building and loan associations were managed by small tradesmen, dentists, and lawyers. At least one member of the board would be a politician. Thus equipped and under the guidance of a banking department which was charged by law with keeping a watchful eye also on pawnbrokers and cemetery companies, the associations went after business.

The lure held out to the public — safety coupled with a high rate of return on investments (some associations reported earnings of as high as 20 per cent) — soon had association coffers bursting with wealth. Likewise, beneficent laws permitting them to mortgage up to 80 per cent of the appraised value of property, while limiting banks to 50 per cent, struck a responsive chord in most borrowers. Naturally, the associations got most of the business, but there was still another important factor. Whatever the pretense of co-operation affected in their internal workings, in their methods of doing business associations were viciously competitive. Consequently, shady borrowers, land speculators, and mushroom builders were attracted to B & L like politicians to a treasury.

It was an extraordinary setup, to be sure. One of the features of the old co-operative was that the managers acted without pay. In modern associations they still acted, for the most part, without stipulated salary; but they were nevertheless charged with the responsibility of lending millions of dollars which trusting investors poured monthly into their coffers. Instances of venality among directors to earn a dollar were reported, but in general it was simply a case of men being unequal to the task. As a result, the loosest practices were indulged in — such as cursory inspection of property offered as collateral for mortgage loans and the merest guesswork in place of careful appraising. But, despite even these methods, there were insufficient applications from local homeowners to absorb available funds; so a radical departure from accepted principles was made. This was the extension of operations to every corner of the State and to every type of property.

These were exactly the shoals on which the national building and loan associations had foundered some years before, taking with them $250,000,000 in shareholders' money, but few modern promoters gave thought to that. They loaned in communities of which they had no intimate knowledge and to persons whose moral and financial responsibilities were often unknown quantities. They ignored the patent fact that honest borrowers seldom need seek loans far outside their own communities, while the dishonest may be seeking to unload on an obliging foreign bidder. And, in sinking immense sums into apartment houses, factories, public garages, and summer hotels, the little shopkeepers, dentists, and lawyers who managed associations fell easy and gullible victims to shrewder bargainers.

IV

INEVITABLY, the first impact of the slump had building and loan associations everywhere hanging on the ropes. On the one hand, people who had purchased great blocks of shares clamored for their money, and the average investor was unable to keep up with his methodical payments. On the other hand, borrowers defaulted at an alarming rate. Yet, during a period when banks were crashing on all sides, the associations boasted a remarkable record of solvency. Between 1929 and 1935 there were more than 8,500 bank failures but a mere 952 suspensions among building and loan associations. And, if the truth were known, the banks were probably more liquid.

It is a paradox which can be easily explained. At best, the associations, owing to their investment mainly in long-term obligations, were never very liquid. And, when the crash converted their bonds into frozen real estate, they were much less so. But even the poorest banks had a certain considerable amount of cash and readily convertible bonds. The important difference was that, when the banks reached the end of their rope, they had to close down. Building and loan associations, however, scurried to the protection of fond State legislatures and continued doing business without letup.

This extraordinary situation was made possible by drastic emergency laws passed for

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their sole benefit. The theory behind the legislation was the fiction that the modern association is a counterpart of the neighborhood club of old — a nonprofit organization dedicated to the principles of thrift and home ownership. So strongly entrenched were the associations per se that the statutes recognized them as entities separate and apart from their memberships, to the strong detriment of the latter. Thus, while many associations were frozen at the paying end, they were permitted to accept new savings at the receiving end. And, while under no legal obligation to meet the demands of shareholders, they were nevertheless allowed to grant new mortgage loans — this also without being required to credit interest earned to members. Most drastic of all, associations were permitted by law to "recapture" from their members dividends earned in many years previous.

But perhaps the biggest suckers of all were the honest borrowers on homes. Under the building and loan plan, identical payments were made monthly throughout the entire life of a mortgage. Obviously, therefore, even in the tenth year, when he owed comparatively little balance, the borrower would still be paying interest on the face amount of the loan. The theory was, however, that dividends earned by partnership in all the profits of the association eventually brought the total cost down to a figure below that of a bank or private mortgage. Consequently, with the crash and the disappearance of dividends, honest borrowers found themselves paying and paying. This rank usury had the full support of law.

Feeble attempts have been made by shareholders in New Jersey and elsewhere to enforce what they conceive to be their rights, but they have never been able to keep more than a step ahead of powerful building and loan lobbies. Thus, when the United States Supreme Court, on February 3, 1936, unanimously declared the Louisiana emergency statute unconstitutional, building and loan managers, generally, were in a dither. But almost overnight they were able to plug the loopholes in their State laws.

Despite the most heroic measures, it is conceded by competent observers that the era of co-operative finance exemplified in the modern building and loan association is drawing to a close. State laws have driven investors off, and federal subsidies, in the form of huge loans by the RFC and other agencies, are no longer available. Even the lush days of the HOLC, when associations were able to unload vast quantities of assorted white elephants, for cash, are no more. And, latterly, the federal government, by withholding vital insurance privileges from associations, has been conducting a subtle campaign to eliminate numbers of them.

Today, many associations are little more than liquidating agencies, servicing their $1,500,000,000 of frozen real estate. Borrowers will no longer have the speculative type of mortgage which may mulct them for years to come; most association business now done is on a plan wholly removed from the principles of co-operative finance. But, in general, if building and loan associations survive the next two decades, it will be by getting back to the sound principles of the neighborhood club.

THE FORUM hopes to present a reply to Mr. Brown at an early date

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Profits Out of War?

A Debate on the Sheppard-May Bill

I—No Slackers, No Profiteers

***by* JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR**

Colonel, U.S.A.R.; American Legion legislative agent

We of the American Legion, representing veterans of the World War, have selected as the number-one item on our legislative program for the year 1938 the enactment of a law designed to take the profits out of war.

With a determination to secure action in this session of Congress, we are urging the passage of an act which would establish a "universal service" of all the resources of our country — industrial, commercial, physical, and human — in the event of war. By such a plan the burden of war would be equalized.

We veterans do not want war again. The people of America do not want war again. But, with the clouds of war gathering over so much of the earth's surface, we know that the day may come when our nation will be involved in international conflict and we are determined to avoid, by legislation calmly and deliberately passed in time of peace, some of the bitter mistakes of the past.

The heart and spirit of the legislation we seek are expressed in the slogans *Equal service for all, special profit for none* and *No slackers and no profiteers.*

A bill to make these slogans real has been introduced in both houses of Congress. It is known as the Sheppard-May Bill and it provides for industrial preparedness, through a plan which authorizes the President of the United States to bring into the service of the country in time of war capital, industry, resources, and man power, with special privileges and profit for none. It provides for their use for the national defense and common welfare during the period of the war emergency.

More specifically, it does these things:

Authorizes the president to determine and publicly to proclaim prices, to stabilize them; to make adjustments in prices, up or down, when necessary, by public proclamation.

Authorizes the control of material resources, industrial organizations, public services, and securities exchanges.

Provides for drafting into the military service such members of the unorganized militia between 21 and 31 years of age as may be needed and for taking into the military service, as civilians, any persons engaged in the management or control of industrial or manufacturing establishments.

Authorizes the licensing of those businesses determined by the president to be necessary for the successful prosecution of the war and the fixing of priorities in which orders may be filled by any manufacturer, dealer, producer, exporter, importer, or public service in the United States.

Gives the president power to create agencies, boards, and commissions and to employ the personnel necessary to carry out the purposes of the law.

Provides for taxation to take into the government service surpluses of profit above a reasonable limit.

Such, in outline, are the provisions of this important, far-reaching bill. What's back of them? The determination on the part of the vast majority of American citizens that the inequalities, injustices, profiteering, inflation, and consequent deflation of the World War shall never happen again!

Congress drafted the man power of the nation and sent it into camps and to the trenches across the seas, to protect the honor, prestige, and life of our people and government. But the

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service of dollars, materials, and supplies back home remained on a volunteer basis. The average price level of all commodities during the World War period rose sky high, and with it went the level of wages and salaries of every class of worker. Some 22,000 individuals climbed from financial obscurity to the class of millionaires on profits directly resulting from the war.

The orgy of speculation and profiteering left a staggering debt of $22,000,000,000 loaded on the shoulders of the people, including the returned soldier and his family, and finally resulted in the depression from which we have not recovered.

This need not happen again. What the Legion wants and what the country wants is to make certain that there will be no more profiteering and that every citizen will be doing his duty to bring an end to the emergency.

II

How shall we stop profiteering? Note the wording of section 1 of the bill:

> Whenever Congress shall declare war, the President is hereby authorized to determine and publicly proclaim it to be unlawful to buy, sell, lease or otherwise contract for any article, service, or right in property, enumerated in such proclamation, at a higher rate, rent, price, commission, compensation or reward than was in effect at a date determined and set forth in such proclamation.

This is the important price-stabilizing provision. Immediately on a declaration of war, the prices of food, clothing, and everything else required by the civilian population or for military use will be pegged right where they stand. With such a "ceiling" fixed, the war profiteer cannot exist.

Note that this section includes rents and the cost of services, which means salaries and wages. There is no question that during the World War the pay of workers was forced to follow the rise in the cost of living. But, with prices remaining stable, there would not be such a demand for higher wages. However, there would be no formal draft of labor. Labor did its full share in the World War years, and it will do so again should this country become involved in another conflict.

In the event of war, the president is authorized to draft the man power of the country, between certain ages, for military duty. This is a vital matter in times of emergency. Selective service will be necessary, as it was in 1917-1918, to the successful prosecution of the war.

Another important feature of the act is the provision for taking into military service, as civilians, such persons engaged in the management or control of industrial or manufacturing establishments as may be designated by the president. This would not only make possible proper control of industry and public services but would also abolish the evil of bidding by competing firms for the services of officers and managers.

And why the provision to license business? During the World War the increased costs of production, caused by rises in both material costs and wage rates, was encouraged by people of no previous experience who engaged in the business of manufacturing war necessities. This should not and must not happen again. A proper governmental agency must assume control. Priorities must be granted the establishments producing war materials or necessities of life, to give them preference, in purchasing materials, over concerns which might be manufacturing luxuries or nonessentials.

The taxing provision of this act is full of ominous meaning for the would-be profiteer:

> During any war in which the United States may be engaged there shall be in effect a system of taxation which shall absorb all profits above a fair normal return to be fixed by Congress.

The secretary of the Treasury would cause a continuing study of taxation to be made, and would be called on to recommend a plan immediately following a declaration of war. Provisions in the Senate bill call for a tax of 95 per cent of all income above a previous 3-year average, and this is the figure generally accepted as just and proper.

Thus the proposed legislation takes the experience of the World War and writes it into the program. And this program was not conceived suddenly. It is the result of the best thought of the best minds in this country since the American Legion began advocating its general principles in 1922. Its provisions were endorsed by Dwight W. Davis, when Secretary of War, in his report to the President in 1925. In 1930 a War Policies Commission, composed of outstanding leaders of both political parties in Congress and of several members of the Cabinet, recommended, after a thorough study, the freezing of prices at the inception of war

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and confiscation of 95 per cent of all war incomes above normal, so that profits made through loopholes in the price-freezing system would contribute to the war costs.

The need for this legislation is recognized by national leaders. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War, and General Hugh S. Johnson appeared repeatedly before congressional hearings in behalf of the program. The war and navy departments recently announced jointly that they favored an "industrial mobilization plan" and issued specific suggestions for legislation to establish it.

We are sailing today a sea of troubled international relations. Undeclared wars are being fought on several fronts. We of the United States have our national interests and our national honor to maintain, in keeping with the spirit of neutrality and with the principles of international law, order, and justice. Thus the greater immediate need for a well-defined policy of universal service.

The people of America see in this plan the removal of the incentive of the profit motive in war and also a sane and effective preparedness measure. They are determined to make war less attractive to those who might desire to profit by it and, if war should come nevertheless, to equalize, so far as possible, its burdens.

II—A Bad Bargain for All Parties

by **GERALD P. NYE**

United States Senator from North Dakota

WE WHO LOVE peace and are working for it earnestly have no quarrel with those who would "take the profits out of war." We too should like to make war profitless and, more than that, impossible. Some of us have had a part in translating into neutrality legislation the grim determination of the American people not to become involved in another foreign war.

But the legislation now before Congress in the Sheppard-May bill cannot accomplish these desired ends. It is unfortunate that this bill is understood in some quarters to take the profits out of war and provide for a universal draft of the resources of this country in time of emergency. This bill could not do either. In no sense would it promote peace.

Indictments of this astonishing measure are so many and so positive as to leave nothing commendatory to be said about it. It represents a very peculiar kind of bargain. It appears to offer something to the believers in every conceivable course of action to be pursued in wartime.

Those who want this nation to stay out of foreign wars are promised that our entry into war will be discouraged by high taxation of profits. The idea seems to be that cutting down the great profit incentive even a little would make the industrial hotheads cooler.

On the other hand, those who want this country to engage in foreign wars are given the provision for a draft of 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 men, obviously not for defense from attack but for use abroad. No responsible army or navy official has stated that we need such a force to repel invasion. The conscripts provided for are definitely for service overseas.

The government appears to be given control of capital and industry in wartime, but those industrialists who may object to that are com-

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forted by the assurance that the bill is not coupled with any constitutional amendment authorizing Congress either to fix prices or seize property.

Over against a promise to fix prices is the assurance that nothing will be done to stand in the way of getting the fullest production possible, with the result that, exactly as in the first world war, prices will be high enough to make profits for the high-cost companies and fortunes for the low-cost firms.

Thus the bill is a compromise, containing a little something to win support from every party — except, perhaps, from those who are to be killed on foreign fields in the next war. Yet the essential point is its assumption that men will allow themselves to be drafted to die overseas if they but have the assurance that nobody will make money as a result!

Would the bill bring about an equalization in conscription — euphoniously called "universal service" — as between lives and profits? The answer is clearly *no*. We ought to strike out of its preamble the words *to equalize the burdens of war* and substitute the language used in the 1936 Annual Report of the War Department, concerning similar control measures: "to help the country to pass promptly and smoothly to a war footing."

In general, the bill provides for an undisguised dictatorship to be set up under the executive. The president would be empowered to license every public service, which means every industry and means of production. He could control all the farmers and farm organizations. He would have the power to draft men and women for either military duty or labor. Suppression of a critical press would likely follow from his absolute control of priorities in shipment of paper, ink, and machinery. Any "democracy" our boys would be fighting to preserve somewhere else would certainly be lost here at home!

II

LET US EXAMINE more closely some of the provisions of this unusual bill. First, the president is authorized to freeze prices, as of the date on which war is declared. This is supposed to be a threat to capital, giving it notice that there's no use trying to raise prices in order to make bigger profits.

A more childish view of national and international economics could not be imagined. To presume that a presidential edict could stabilize throughout the period of a major war the prices of food and clothing and the rates of rents, wages, and professional services is to betray a profound lack of knowledge of how war operates and what it does to the economic structure of a nation.

The first thing to recognize in this connection is the fact that, when we enter a major war, the great purpose then becomes to win that war as quickly and as decisively as possible. The forces that would be needed to win that war — industrial, labor, agricultural, professional — would plead that freezing of prices stood squarely in the way of their best efforts in behalf of the nation's emergency needs. What would happen to the frozen prices then?

The licensing provisions of the proposal are put forward ostensibly with the same end in view, control of profits. In the actual functioning of this act, however, the dictatorship over business, industry, and all production whatsoever would be utilized primarily for winning the war. No profits? The idea is absurd. No power on earth could make industrial organizations produce if they didn't make at least satisfactory profits.

Examples from the World War period can be cited by the dozen. The steel companies refused to produce at certain prices, pointing out that the high-cost producers, such as Lukens Steel, were making no profit. They got the increases they asked for. Years later the Senate Munitions Committee found that Lukens Steel had made a 90-per-cent profit! Anaconda Copper took the lead in refusing to produce except at a certain figure, which, it was discovered later, gave the copper companies tremendous profits.

But, it is contended, the taxing provision would take care of war profits which slipped through the price-freezing net. In this respect the proposal is most inexcusably deceptive. The Sheppard bill provides for taking 95 per cent of normal profits, while the May bill simply calls for a study of the matter and some recommendation from the Secretary of the Treasury when war begins. Does that take any profit out of war?

Is there any suggestion that the incentive to make war profits would be removed? There is not. Suppose the provision for taking 95 per cent of profits above an average of the 3

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years previous to the war should be carried out. A period of several years of foreign war might have elapsed before we entered the conflict. During that time those firms that shipped metals, ammunition, food, and other war materials at high prices would have made enormous profits. Those who observed the spirit of our neutrality laws would have made no such profits. Thus the act would positively encourage war booms. "Trade all you can!" would be the cry. "Big profits now mean big profits when we get in!" A more glaring scheme for penalizing the individual or organization refusing to engage in war trade could hardly be devised.

Carnegie Steel, manufacturing armor plate; the Du Pont interests, supplying our army with powder; and the Sperry Gyroscope firm, making flight indicators for our air service, are among those now under contract and making big profits. Is it reasonable to believe that allowing them to make five per cent greater profits if war comes would discourage our entry into any war?

In return for an act under which the great munitions makers and capital generally would get more profits, labor would find itself deprived of almost all its hard-won rights. All statutes standing in the way of wartime procurement are to go. This may mean the national labor-relations act and State wage-and-hour laws. Under a really determined executive, every labor union in the land could be broken up, exactly as Hitler has destroyed the unions in Germany.

The president is allowed to fix "compensation." That certainly means wages. The pay and working conditions of labor can and will be fixed under this bill. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch requested that there be added to this legislation a provision that all men must be compelled to work, fight, or starve.

A drafting of labor would be a reality in all but name. The president would draft men as needed for military service and would draft for civilian service those in control of industry. Who can define what "military service" will be in the next war? The selective draft of the World War sent civilian laborers into the spruce forests to make airplane parts. Would the war lords of the next conflict stop with that?

Small wonder that Mr. A. F. Whitney, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, said of this bill:

> It is inimical not only to organized labor but to the fundamental principles of freedom and democracy. To lay the basis for such a military dictatorship is to make war more inviting to war leaders, and consequently more impending.

All lovers of peace should oppose this bill. It is time for the American people to realize that here is a bad bargain for the boys who will, under its provisions, be sent abroad. They get no assurance that there will be no tainted fortunes made at home while they are fighting the battles to "save democracy" again. It is a bad bargain for labor, with organized labor running the risk of dissolution. It is even a bad bargain for industry, for war-bred fascism, industry might find, would not easily relinquish its hold.

If Congress is not willing to underwrite a real draft of capital through taxation, then it should not take the responsibility for drafting men for death, except in case of invasion or attack. And, in the event of invasion, no draft would be necessary, so great would be the response of our people to a call to a true defense of their country.

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Life and Literature

*Doers and Thinkers**

by **MARY M. COLUM**

THE DELUGE of useless books often prevents the really good ones from getting to a reviewer's attention. But this month there are a few of which we can prophesy some degree of lastingness; they won't die as soon as they are born, anyhow. These are (not in their order of excellence) W. Somerset Maugham's shrewd *The Summing Up;* Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' lovely, wild novel, *The Yearling;* Lewis Mumford's informing and exciting *The Culture of Cities;* and an imposing work, *The Degrees of Knowledge*, by the French Neo-Thomist philosopher, Jacques Maritain — for those interested in metaphysics. There is also the usual number of biographies, of which one of Claude Bernard, the great French physiologist, will have an appeal outside scientific circles on account of his influence on the development of the modern realistic novel.

A HISTORY OF A WRITER'S MIND

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S *The Summing Up* is a rare sort of document in literary history, for it is a writer's cool analysis of himself, of his character, his talents, his achievements. It is all done in the light of modern knowledge of psychology by a man of great sincerity, of wide renown, a traveled, sophisticated man of the world. In addition, this author, through one of his books, at least — *Of Human Bondage* — has as good a chance as any novelist now living of getting his passport to immortality — which means that his name will figure in histories of literature for some time to come.

The Summing Up would be a far better investment for a young writer, particularly an aspiring young novelist, than any of the books published by the schools of writing or instructors in writing, for it tells exactly how a considerable contemporary writer — and furthermore a very successful one — learned his trade. It throws a revelatory light on all that has gone into his work. It is, though not an autobiography of his life, an autobiography of his mind.

Wide as has been Somerset Maugham's circle of readers and the audience for his plays, he has not, on the whole, appeared to them a sympathetic personality. This is not only because of the acid irony of his characterizations, his bland contempt for humanity and its bondage to passions, vices, and vanities, but because of his habit of depicting living people in his books, with what often has seemed calculated malice. People frequently enjoy a malicious portrait, but they seldom feel sympathetic to the person who draws it. Maugham frankly admits in this book that he has based the personages in his novels on real people whom he has drawn from life but says that no writer can or wants to make a literal portrait of a living person. Mr. Maugham, however, has occasionally made his characters recognizable enough. He has consequently aroused dislike and resentment but he

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Summing Up, *by W. Somerset Maugham* (*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*); A Poet's Life, *by Harriet Monroe* (*Macmillan, $5.00*); The Yearling, *by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings* (*Scribner, $2.75*); Claude Bernard: Physiologist, *by J. M. D. Olmsted* (*Harper, $4.00*); The Culture of Cities, *by Lewis Mumford* (*Harcourt, Brace, $4.50*); The Degrees of Knowledge, *by Jacques Maritain* (*Scribner, $6.00*).

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has never lacked readers for he has mastered his craft so thoroughly that, even when his inspiration — if he believes in such a term — fails, even when his material is thin, as it sometimes is in his short stories, his manner carries his matter with such grace that he is always entertaining. If this careful analysis of himself does not make him any more sympathetic to the bulk of his readers, it does make him pathetic, as in the last analysis all human beings, except the very young, are pathetic.

He gives few actual facts. A good deal of the book might be called literary criticism and is self-revealing, as literary criticism is apt to be. For through it a writer reveals unconsciously what sort of experience of life he has had, what ideas and thoughts he has cherished, his attitude to his fellow men, his emotions, his type of mentality — noble or ignoble, mean or magnanimous. Accordingly, Somerset Maugham reveals himself as caring little for mankind in the mass, though clearly he has experienced a few emotions with overwhelming strength. To have felt as he has felt is to have gained equipment as a writer of more value than all his conscious and successful efforts to train himself in his craft, valuable as these must have been. For those strongly experienced emotions gave force to all his gifts, swiftness to his style, clear meaning to his sentences, a sharp power of penetrating beneath the outsides of men. The experience in life that burned into him, we are given to understand, is behind *Of Human Bondage;* he wrote the book to rid himself of the effects of it. He rid himself, perhaps, of the disrupting power of the experience, but, whatever it was, it seared his soul and left a lasting mark.

Like some other writers, Maugham started out to be a doctor, served as an intern in a hospital, and believes this to have been an invaluable training for a writer. In his own group there were many young men who seemed to have gifts superior to his; they could write and draw and compose with facility; they had what he calls the "natural creativity of youth" — an excellent phrase. But some facility in an art is so common in youth that no conclusions can be drawn from it. This writer's frequent warnings to young readers to beware of the arts as means of livelihood or as satisfactory forms of living, unless they are prepared to risk a gamble comparable to buying a ticket in a lottery, find backing in the pages of *The Summing Up*. The artist, however, Maugham thinks, is the only free man. He himself has been a free man, if not a happy one. Calmly coming to the conclusion that, never having felt some of the normal emotions of men, he cannot be among the number of the great writers, he believes it a very good thing to be among the highly talented, for they not only have their place in literary history but have a better chance of getting what material rewards the passing day gives to literature.

The intellectual training that went into the making of this novelist will seem to some of our semiliterate writers amazingly extensive. He has read all the philosophers since his student days at Heidelberg, when the great Fisher introduced him to Schopenhauer. Metaphysics, he says, never lets you down, as it deals with nothing less than the whole of knowledge. He has read the French realists and the semi-realists. Like most of the realistic novelists, he has been formed by the French and, like many English men of letters, prefers to live out of his own tight little island. He was surprised by his discovery that the older writers — those before Balzac and even Balzac himself — drew men all of a piece, whereas in actual life they are full of contrary qualities. This was really the discovery of the realistic novelist, first of the psychologist-novelist, Stendhal, and later of Flaubert. Before writing a new novel, Maugham reads philosophy, but what he always reads over again is Voltaire's *Candide*, so that he may come in touch with the qualities that he admires most in writing—lucidity, grace, and wit.

In spite of the fact that he laments that his brain is not a better instrument, Maugham's great drawback is that he is too intelligent for the rest of his equipment. He can stir the reader's intellect to excitement, but, since *Of Human Bondage*, his writing has given no glow to the heart, no wings to the imagination. He has observed; he has, within limits, felt keenly; he has had his own vision of the world; he has fed his mind with literature and philosophy; but he lost somewhere what nearly everyone has in youth and what very great writers keep a long time — his fire and his wings.

"I lost early," said Sainte-Beuve, "not my fire, but my wings."

Maugham has written as well as any man can who has lost them both.

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The Stuffy Side of Experience

After The Summing Up, the late Harriet Monroe's autobiography — *A Poet's Life* — is dull and tedious. It reads like the account of the life of a very serious, though not very inspired, schoolmarm, without much poetry in her soul in spite of her official connection with that art. But Miss Monroe was a good editor and had the pioneer characteristics of resourcefulness, ambition, self-sacrifice, and courage. She had, in addition, an intuition almost like that of a businessman's for a good investment.

Deprived of the ordinary outlets in home and children by which a woman can always make her life mean something, even if her wider ambitions are not satisfied, Harriet Monroe turned to literature as something by which she could fulfill her hopes of cutting a figure in the world. The first intuition that brought her real returns urged her to present herself at the office of the organizers of the Chicago fair of 1892 and propose to write an ode of dedication to the fair. She got the commission, wrote the poem, and demanded $1,000 but she encountered great opposition to having the ode read. However, her determination was greater than that of the members of the committee, some of whom appear to have had a sense of poetry. Before she was through with them, all her demands were accepted. She was even allowed to leave in some lines, in praise of her brother-in-law, that had been objected to. Her ode was read with ceremony; the choruses were sung by a huge choir; and she was widely acclaimed. In addition to the $1,000, she got $5,000 more — damages from a New York paper for printing the work without permission. In short, she got $6,000 for a poem that at best was but a literate, dull affair.

Twenty years later, in her fifties, she accomplished another piece of salesmanship that was even more remarkable. She persuaded a number of Chicago businessmen to endow a magazine for poetry, with her as editor. Ezra Pound, who had great passion for poetry and little personal ambition, offered himself as European editor without pay. Through him she got the work of some of the finest European poets, practically all the best-known ones. Through herself and her colleagues she got the work of all that group of poets who burst on America in the second decade of this century — Robinson, Masters, Frost, Millay, Sandburg. She thus gave an organ to some of the finest poets of the day.

She came to know a great deal about poetry because she had a love of it and an open mind. Her life covered the span of the most interesting part of Chicago's development, and her autobiography could have been very interesting if she had had any power of gauging the value of her materials. She devotes pages and pages to the doings of uninteresting relatives, spends other pages pointlessly hitting at people who did not share her own estimate of her work. A little self-knowledge of the kind that Somerset Maugham has, a little sense of humor, would have lightened this chronicle.

Miss Monroe's very lack of humor sometimes produces Rabelaisian effects, as when she solemnly records the compliment paid to her father by the madam of a house of prostitution, whose lawyer he was.

Another attorney called during a visit of this client to Mr. Monroe and, apparently knowing the lady, inquired jocosely, "Do you throw in the privileges of the house?"

The lady replied: "Mr. Monroe is a gentleman; and when I want that kind of lawyer I will go to you."

One can see that the material here for a diverting narrative is considerable, if the author had used it instead of filling her book with so much literary data. Poetry somehow emerges from these pages as a branch of ponderous and artificial *Kultur* rather than the rhythmical expression of ardent life.

A Welcome Change in Novels

First-class talent has no sex, it is often said; and we pass with relief from Miss Monroe's femininities to Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' virile talent. Her new novel, *The Yearling*, shows no feminine gentility but an invigorating delight in strong life and energy and fierceness and in men who would rather die drunk than sober — as well as a delight in vital, beautiful language.

Miss Rawlings has written a fascinatingly wild book about wild humans, wild animals, and wild forest country and their relation to each other. The scene is laid in Florida after the Civil War, when in the scrub and the woods there were still bears, panthers, wild hogs, wolves, rattlesnakes, and attractive smaller

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beasts like opossums and racoons and limpid-eyed deer. Adventurous men made themselves homes in this wilderness.

Baxter's Island was a bit of fenced-in clearing in the scrub, where the three Baxters — father, mother, and twelve-year-old Jody — lived a moderately secure life. But outside the fence, in the scrub, war was waged endlessly.

> The bears and wolves and panthers all preyed on the deer. Bears even ate the cubs of other bears, all meat being to their maws, the same. . . . Squirrels and wood-rats, 'possums and 'coons must all scurry for their lives.

When rations were low, down to clabber and corn bread, Ma Baxter would say to her son and husband, "You fellers try to get a shot at some meat."

So the Baxters, with guns and dogs, would go into the scrub for flesh of deer.

Their neighbors, the six bearded, carousing Foresters, whose clearing was called Foresters' Island, traded in horses, venison, and moonshine liquor. There is a dazzling account of a night young Jody Baxter spent in their house, while he and his father, who had outwitted them in the matter of a hunting dog, were entertained with an Elizabethan meal which included a haunch of roast venison and a platter of fried squirrel, with swamp cabbage and hot breads and cakes of all sorts. Late that night the household was aroused by marauding varmints, and, after chasing them away with the dogs, the Foresters sat up playing fiddle and guitar and dancing, singing, and drinking till morning.

This book has something of the quality of Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* — the same poetry of observation, the same love of strong life, of untamed folk, of picturesque language. The list of goods Ma Baxter made out to be got in Jacksonville is remarkably like the list that Peggeen Mike makes out in the opening of *The Playboy*.

Everybody in *The Yearling* is untamed and at the same time a high-class human being, lovable, affectionate, and full of poetry. The poetry and artistry of the Foresters come out strongest in the little hunchbacked brother, Fodderwing, who has maimed his already crippled body still further by trying to realize his dream of flying: If he could only attach something light — lighter than air — to his arms to form wings! Fodderwing lived to tell Jody Baxter enchanting tales of Spaniards and black horses and to reveal to him the lives of the beasts of the scrub.

After all the novels of industrial life and of the physiological reactions of men, *The Yearling* seems like a new kind of writing. The swift, beautiful style of the book, the beauty and strangeness of so many of its scenes — the boy running home through the scrub in the pouring rain and the luminous air after he has been to seek help for his father, bitten by a rattlesnake; the boy capturing the little fawn after his father has shot its mother — the humanness, the tenderness of the whole make this novel unique in contemporary American writing.

Beginnings of the Experimental Method

> Medicine is the science of sickness, physiology is the science of life. That is why physiology should be the scientific basis of medicine.

The man who first made this statement, a very revolutionary one in his day, was Claude Bernard, the great French physiologist whom Dr. Alexis Carrel, in a foreword to a new life of Bernard by Dr. J. M. D. Olmsted, calls the "father of modern medicine." But Bernard was more than a medical scientist. He was one of a group of intellectual workers whose ideas helped to form, in the middle nineteenth century, a point of connection between the worlds of science, art, literature, and philosophy.

Intoxicated by the discoveries of Bernard in physiology, Zola cried, "With the physiological man our terrain [the novelists' terrain] is transformed, the metaphysical man is dead."

It will be remembered that, when Zola set himself to reveal in literature what he called the physiological man, the man of physical impulses, he founded his theories of the experimental novel on Claude Bernard's *Introduction to Experimental Medicine*. He tried to evolve a method of novel writing based on the experimental method which Bernard had outlined and summarized.

Bernard occupied the first chair of physiology at the Sorbonne. His experiments in vivisection were conducted under conditions that make us in the twentieth century shudder, for there were no anesthetics, and both man and beast had to bear pain without alleviation. But out of Bernard's experiments medicine evolved as an experimental science. He was working in

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the great heyday of science, and, when he stated the methods of experimental science, it was not only the world of medicine which listened. The whole intellectual world paid heed — but especially the world of literature, for the new literature coming in, the literature of realism and naturalism, was also to be dominated by the fact and the observation of facts.

This biography therefore, *Claude Bernard: Physiologist*, will be of interest to a larger section of the public than merely the scientific group. The extraordinary clarity of Dr. Olmsted's style makes his book one for the general reader. Even the occasional medical and biological terminology should prove no stumbling block to anybody who has ever taken a course in physiology or performed an experiment in a high-school laboratory.

The Culture of Cities

For distinction, entertainment, information, scholarship, and general human interest, Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities* is one of the most distinguished books of many years. It is a work of a type of which our age has produced few — Spengler's being the most celebrated — a work dealing with civilizations, their progress and processes. Lewis Mumford's deals with cities, the history of what men have done or tried to do in their efforts to live together in that complex form of association.

He starts with the medieval city — its site, its buildings, its cathedral, its domestic life — and asks his readers to begin by ridding themselves of the notion that the Middle Ages were the compound of filth, brutality, and superstition for which their defamers of the Renaissance gave them the reputation. He throws a new light on the civilizing influence of the monasteries and the monastic orders, with their variety of knowledge not only on the intellectual side but on the management of everyday life and in the specialized field of agriculture.

When a new town was founded in those days, military considerations were paramount. The city became a fortress against enemies, for people had to band together for defense; and Mr. Mumford shows that to exist in the Middle Ages one had to belong to an association, a manor, a monastery, a guild, or a household. There was no freedom that did not recognize the obligations of a corporate life. The medieval town was really a village; the house was characterized by lack of differentiated space and differentiated function; the kitchen might be a dining room, living room, bedroom, workshop (the workshop was in the home because the organization of industry was simple). The social environment was vitalizing, for the ear, the eye, the senses were delighted. This is still true, one may say, of the medieval towns that remain, as, for example, some of the French hill towns.

Mr. Mumford is very critical of the Renaissance and its claims for itself. He has even inclined to believe that there was a falling off of civilization after the thirteenth century. He notes that the fifteenth century sanctioned a belief in witchcraft that had been rejected in the eighth and that the thirteenth century had bathhouses and even baths, where the later centuries had none — even the Jewish ritual baths being abandoned.

There was a passage of four or five centuries between medieval universality — that universality which was the subject of a famous address at the Harvard Tercentenary last year — and the next stage in history, that of baroque uniformity, baroque centralism. Mr. Mumford uses the word *baroque* as an expression of social, not architectural, description. The baroque city began to arrange its avenues and streets for wheeled traffic and for marching men, because military considerations demanded straight avenues for columns of troops and put an emphasis on engineering. Mr. Mumford has fascinating descriptions of the role played by the palace and the court at this time. From the court came the pattern of upper-class life as it is still lived — a round of balls, dinners and amusements. One remembers Taine's description of the court of Versailles under Louis XIV as a military staff on vacation.

After the baroque city, there came in during the nineteenth century what Mr. Mumford calls the insensate industrial town, with its poverty, its lack of sunlight, pure air, good food, its minimum of life, cleanliness, rest, shelter. One wonders if Mr. Mumford has ever seen that most appalling specimen of an industrial city, the town of Crewe in England, which, drenched in smoke, looks like a piece of hell, inhabited by lost souls which move about in the darkness, silently, like shades.

From the industrial town we come to the

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twentieth-century metropolis, which represents "the maximum possible assault upon the processes of civilization" — the city where "the ecstatic greeting of life, the tragic celebration of death linger on, merely as mumbled forms in the surviving churches."

In the last part of *The Culture of Cities*, the author deals with the social basis of a new urban order, the order we hope to live to see and which we may see if there is no war. The beginnings are here already; the cycle of the machine, Mumford tells us, is now coming to an end; a new pattern of the good life is emerging, in which the culture of cities will represent the culture of life in its highest manifestations.

It is a liberal education to read a book like this, over which the author has worked for twenty years, and only a small indication of its rich material can be given in a review. Everyone who has a home and children should read it, for it is by a man who thinks all civilization should be built around the family and who has studied all the efforts that gifted men have put forth to make life more desirable. These efforts have been such that, in spite of the human will to destruction, it is possible that some day human beings may be able to live to their fullest capacity. Half of human misery, perhaps all of it, may be laid to the fact that none of us can use all his capacities.

The Degrees of Knowledge

The publication of Jacques Maritain's *The Degrees of Knowledge* is, like the publication of Etienne Gilson's book — *The Unity of Philosophical Expression*, reviewed in the March Forum — a significant intellectual event. While this work would need for a competent review the whole magazine and for a competent reviewer one thoroughly trained in metaphysics, it would nevertheless be unfair to readers not to give it some notice.

Maritain belongs to the same school as Gilson. They are both Thomists — philosophers for whom the supreme names in philosophy are Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. However Gilson and Maritain do not see eye to eye with regard to every philosophical problem, as will be noticed in a chapter in *The Degrees of Knowledge* where certain of Gilson's ideas are sharply criticized. The fact that this book has been translated and has found a publisher willing to invest what must have been a large sum in its production and the fact that Gilson's book was originally delivered as public lectures at Harvard show that the ideas of the neo-Thomists have begun to affect certain groups in the intellectual world and are on the verge of having real influence on thoughtful people who were brought up on materialism and skepticism.

Different as are Gilson and Maritain, they are both making the same attempt to bring in the idea of universalism, as that idea was understood in the medieval universities, to reveal a metaphysic to which scientific experiences can be related. While keeping philosophy and theology apart, they want to show that philosophy, a philosophy of being, has a place for Christian beliefs and Christian values.

Readers of Mr. Maritain's *Three Reformers* will remember that he considered Descartes one of the disastrous influences in the modern world. Here he keeps up the fight against the neo-Cartesians, and this, unless readers are familiar with the conclusion of the *Three Reformers*, will seem a sort of unnecessary quarrel — a private fight.

There is no attempt to make things easy for the reader, and so the book is difficult to follow through Maritain's ideas and through the range and variety of his topics. It deals with ways of knowing the world, from the analysis of physics to the visions of the saints. If we could accept these many degrees of knowledge we should be free of all prejudices, but to grasp them would require not only a spacious intellect and enormous knowledge but a faith as magnificent as Mr. Maritain's. He has the faith to undertake to show that the divine and human life are in concert and he is able to bring into a synthesis the gospel and philosophy, mysticism and metaphysics.

Difficult as this book is, it is sure of its circle of readers whether they share the author's Christian faith or not, and these will be found especially in that group which like Somerset Maugham believes that "metaphysics never lets you down."

Mrs. Colum's next FORUM article will appear in an autumn issue

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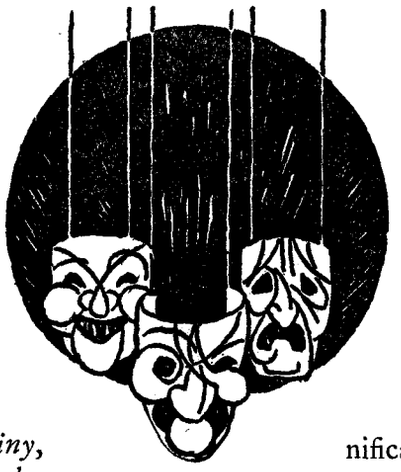
The Theater Forum



GOING INTO ITS annual decline, the New York theater becomes sparser and more diluted. Plays like *Spring Thaw*, a vapid farce that ambles on the outskirts of adultery, and *Schoolhouse on the Lot*, which resuscitates the old jibes at Hollywood, obviously contribute nothing to the living theater. Pointless biographies like *Empress of Destiny*, in which Catherine the Great asks our commiseration while she consoles herself with a regiment of lovers, contribute even less. Folk drama like Lula Vollmer's *The Hill Between* returns to the dubious myth of Rousseau's noble savage without graduating from the treacle of kindly sentiment. Only three or four original plays have added a mite of matter to a season that will soon call a halt.

TWILIGHT IN THE THEATER

THE FIRST, *Haiti* by William Du Bois, catches fire, to some degree, from the revolt of the Haitian people against the heirs of the French Revolution, who try to restore slavery, and inspires the vigorous acting of the Federal Theatre's capable negro unit. The play does not, however, rise appreciably above the low estate of melodrama, making the most of a French noblewoman's discovery that she is the illegitimate daughter of a slave.

Prologue to Glory, by the folk dramatist E. P. Conkle, another production by the suddenly reawakened Federal Theatre, creates a touching picture of Lincoln's New Salem days. The great man finds himself slowly, and is shaken out of his lethargy only by Anne Rutledge, to whom he becomes engaged shortly before her death, which occurs while he is waging his first political campaign. The play falls somewhat short of depth and drama owing to its diffuse structure and failure to plumb the tragic resources of its subject.

All the Living describes a psychiatrist's struggle against medical conservatism while discovering a cure for dementia praecox, and it paints an affecting picture of life in an insane asylum. The play is uncertain and uneven in its dramaturgy, which carries such dead lumber as a trite love affair and a glib conclusion. It is most significant as a peg for one of the most powerful productions of the season. Lee Strassberg provides an instructive example of how a play can be staged so that mind and heart are constantly engaged by significant movement and touching portraiture. He also shows how easily an indifferent drama can be tricked out to look like a masterpiece. This has proved a bane, as well as blessing. Playwrights and producers from time immemorial have learned to rely on staging rather than dramaturgy, which is obviously no way of creating great drama. How much more fortunate were Shakespeare, Molière, and Racine, who were forced to rely primarily on their genius as writers!

To this trio of plays, overrated by relaxed criticism, may be added a fourth and somewhat underrated piece, *I Am My Youth*, a drama of hard-pressed idealism in the person of the English philosopher William Godwin. Raising the eternal problem of contradictions between idealism and practice and yet respecting the heroically quixotic mind, *I Am My Youth* proved touching and thoughtful despite its very fuzzy dramaturgy.

THE THEATER IN PRINT*

FROM THIS fairly uninspiring chronicle it is pleasant to turn to the record of the season's real accomplishment which Random House,

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — Susan and God, *by Rachel Crothers* (*Random House, $2.00*); I'd Rather Be Right, *by George S. Kaufman & Moss Hart* (*Random House, $2.00*); French Without Tears, *by Terence Rattigan* (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00*); George and Margaret, *by Gerald Savery* (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00*); The Cradle Will Rock, *by Marc Blitzstein* (*Random House, $1.50*); Shadow and Substance, *by Paul Vincent Carroll* (*Random House, $2.00*); Golden Boy, *by Clifford Odets* (*Random House, $2.00*); Amphitryon 38, *by Jean Giradoux, adapted by S. N. Behrman* (*Random House, $2.00*); Of Mice and Men, *by John Steinbeck* (*Covici-Friede, $2.00*); To Quito and Back, *by Ben Hecht* (*Covici-Friede, $2.00*); The Theatre in Changing Europe, *by Thomas H. Dickinson* (*Holt, $5.00*); Encore, *by Daniel Frohman* (*Furman, $3.50*); To a Lonely Boy, *by Arthur Hopkins* (*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*); The Morning After the First Night, *by George Jean Nathan* (*Knopf, $2.50*); Three Greek Plays, *translated & edited by Edith Hamilton* (*Norton, $2.50*).

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with some support from other publishers, has set down for the reading public. Published plays are indispensable to a just appreciation of the seasonal drama. Stripped of the camouflage of production, the plays can now be seen for what they are. Moreover, although the drama is something more than literature, it is only as literature that it ultimately survives.

The texts corroborate the suspicion that Miss Rachel Crothers' *Susan and God* is inconsequential and that *I'd Rather Be Right* is only third-rate Gilbert and Sullivan.

Theatrically competent plays like *French Without Tears* and *George and Margaret* reveal their hollowness even more completely than they did when staged.

On the other hand, it becomes certain that Marc Blitzstein, who composed *The Cradle Will Rock*, is a master of lyric satire and dramatic construction and that his bare-stage production did not delude those of us who found his music-play a distinguished contribution.

Similarly, in print, *Shadow and Substance* appears indisputably a major contribution to contemporary drama. It overstresses the hallucinations of a peasant girl in the midst of a significant conflict between a conservative ecclesiastic and a liberal layman and tends to reduce this conflict to problems of physical convenience instead of questions of principle in education. But the power of the personal drama and the suggestiveness of the social conflict produce an indelible dramatic effect.

Golden Boy proves to be as dubious an argument as we feared it was, and it is only too evident that the play makes an operatic mountain of an anthill, in caterwauling about a musical talent that is deflected into prize fighting by a cruel economic system — as if economics did not nearly always war against talent and as if genuine talent did not invariably emerge the victor. Nevertheless, not even the Group Theatre's energetic production could exhibit this playwright's talent for driving drama and pungently figurative speech as tellingly as could print.

S. N. Behrman's adaptation of Giraudoux' *Amphitryon 38* proves to be even more subtle and enjoyable than it was when the inimitable Lunts breathed life into it. The farcical elements are less obtrusive in the text, and it is now possible to savor the brilliant lines at leisure. The superficiality of Gallic wit has been grossly exaggerated. At its best it comprises a deep pool of wisdom which takes full account of human and divine self-contradictions without being ruffled by the fact.

Similarly, *Of Mice and Men* proves a more affecting and palatable play than it has been on the stage, where it suffers from the necessity of providing a visible incarnation of an oversized halfwit. No matter how excellent the actor's impersonation, it cannot be as right as the image of this pathetic creature which the lines of the drama convey to the imagination.

Sometimes, moreover, a play which proves deadwood on the stage possesses value as literature. Ben Hecht's *To Quito and Back* proves to be of this order. Essentially a novel in dialogue, the play makes a penetrating psychological study of an artist's soul.

The season has also had its quota of books about the theater. Nothing monumental has appeared on the horizon, but Thomas H. Dickinson's *The Theatre in Changing Europe* is a long needed study which shows how closely the drama has followed the social currents of that nerve-wracked continent.

Daniel Frohman's *Encore*, which belongs to the gossip side of the theater, is enriched by the oldest living producer's intact enthusiasm for the stage.

Arthur Hopkins' *To a Lonely Boy*, containing his recollections of more than two decades of significant work, is a treasury of theatrical experience.

Finally, to add the right dash of lemon to the feast, there is George Jean Nathan's *The Morning After the First Night*. Although it is sometimes easy to disagree with Mr. Nathan, there is more brilliance and common sense in his strictures than in almost anything written by any other American dramatic critic.

Perhaps the greatest boon, however, are Miss Edith Hamilton's unproduced translations of the *Prometheus Bound*, *Agamemnon*, and *Trojan Women*. They are models of translation from the Greek and make these masterpieces of the world's theater live as never before in the English language. Miss Hamilton's idiomatic, spare, and inspired translations are a challenge to theatrical producers who are looking for plays to revive.

JOHN W. GASSNER

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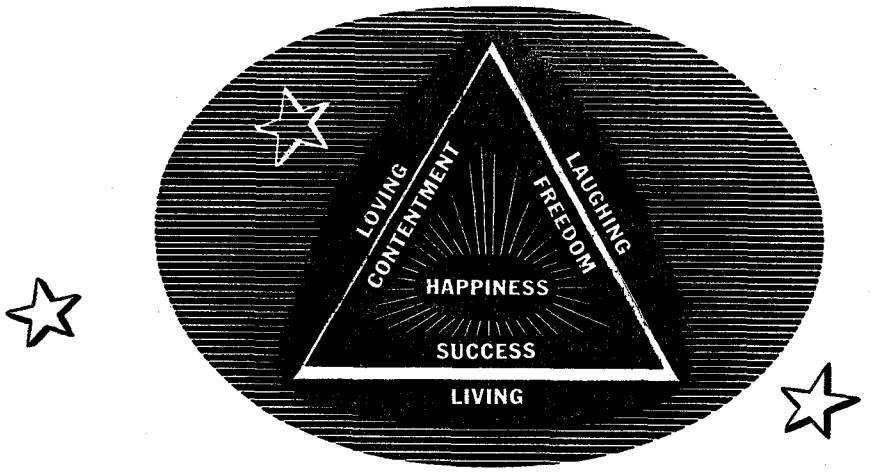
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

Do you think you're psychic?

Here is an issue that is rocking psychology on its foundations: Can human beings perceive physical things with the mind alone, unaided by the senses? Dr. J. B. Rhine and his scientific associates at Duke University say *yes*. They have spent nearly eight years of careful laboratory research proving, they claim, that extrasensory perception (commonly called ESP) exists. Critics, up in arms, are attacking Rhine's work furiously. An academic argument? Hardly. This question affects vitally every intelligent man and woman in the world. If ESP is definitely established it means that mind isn't what we thought it was. It means that the real *you* possesses powers and potentialities which are not dependent on the material world.

In my book, *Try Living*, I asserted that Rhine's ESP researches "proved the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance beyond any shadow of scientific doubt." My friends told me, "You're sticking your neck out!" They proved good prophets. During the last few months I have received an unanswerably large volume of mail on this subject, some of it critical, some of it commendatory, many of the letters containing personal experiences of extrasensory perception. I am glad I stuck my neck out. The problem is one of tremendous importance, and I rejoice in the discovery that so many intelligent people are vitally interested in finding the true answer.

Was I justified in stating that Rhine has proved his case? Harry Hansen, whose column, "The First Reader," is always full of spice, led the attack. He wrote: "To most of his [my] advice I could subscribe, but I ran across one paragraph that shook my confidence." He then quoted my statement and continued:

> Dr. Marston had better read Dr. Rhine's book again. Not only does it not prove the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance beyond any shadow of scientific doubt, but Dr. Rhine himself explicitly limits his conclusions about his experiments to the most cautious statements that I have ever seen in print.

So I took Mr. Hansen's advice and read Rhine's book again. Here are a few of Dr. Rhine's cautious statements from *New Frontiers of the Mind*.

> Either delusion is the explanation of our results or else we have found proof that the mind of man does indeed have an extra-sensory way of perceiving.

> Even so, in our laboratory no important conclusion is based upon such low odds as 150 to 1. Nothing less than odds of thousands to one is acceptable as proof of any point of importance, and the actual figures give odds of millions and upward to one.

> [from p. 78, where Rhine reports 15 correct telepathic perceptions in succession]. Merely to indicate the odds against that initial series of 15 successive accurate calls having a chance explanation requires a ratio of 1 to something over 30,000,000,000, and the score of 21 out of 25 (which followed) would produce an even greater one.

Odds for the existence of extrasensory perception in the tests as a whole are given by Dr. Rhine as a figure with over 1,000 digits to 1.

I wrote Harry Hansen:

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If statistical treatment of results shows more than 1,000,000 to 1 probability that extrasensory perception exists, are we justified in concluding that this phenomenon is established "beyond the shadow of scientific doubt" — or not?

Mr. Hansen wrote back: "Neither Rhine nor his data offered any 1,000,000 to 1 probabilities."

I can only advise Mr. Hansen to take his own excellent advice, as I did, and read Dr. Rhine's book again.

II

I MENTION FIRST the overwhelming weight of Rhine's findings because what he proved, to many people, is so utterly astounding. It amounts to this — that persons possessing extrasensory ability can sit with eyes closed or senses effectively blocked by distance or a screen and perceive card symbols which another individual is thinking about. This is "pure telepathy." Or a pack of symbol cards may be shuffled, cut, and left on a table. No human mind knows the order of cards in the deck. Yet extrasensory perception enables a subject to perceive that order mentally without going near the cards. This is clairvoyance. When the same feat is performed with a "sender" looking at each card in turn and laying it down, the result is regarded as a mixture of telepathy and clairvoyant perception, it being impossible to tell with certainty whether the receiver read the sender's mind or the card itself. Rhine showed that telepathy and clairvoyance are not separate abilities but are usually linked together — twin aspects, apparently, of the same strange mental power.

Who possesses extrasensory perception? The indications are that we all do, in varying degrees. Long before Dr. Rhine entered the field I participated in a telepathic experiment at Harvard and discovered to my own amazement that in some unknown fashion I could frequently perceive what a sender in another room was thinking about. Since that time I have performed a large number of private experiments on myself and others, besides recording a great many unsought perceptions which seemed to be extrasensory. My interest in this work was merely to satisfy my own curiosity. But I soon discovered that a great majority of normal people are constantly making direct mental perceptions, which they fail to recognize as such and which consequently confuse their own thinking and irritate their friends.

For example, I was giving a lie-detector test to a lawyer in the presence of his wife. The record showed he was telling the truth. But his wife would not believe it. She had no material information whatsoever about the questions I asked him. Yet she stubbornly insisted, "I *know* he isn't answering you correctly."

I suggested to my testee that he might have forgotten something.

He thought for a while, then grinned. "I don't know how Mary does it," he said, "but's she's right. I did forget." Then he told me a fact which put a different interpretation on the whole matter.

This fact and his statement that he had forgotten it proved truthful. Under ordinary circumstances, in the absence of a truth test, that wife would have gone on believing that her husband was a liar, not knowing why she thought so and without the slightest evidence to back up her extrasensory perception. The husband would have resented her attitude, and a serious family quarrel might have resulted.

Women have no edge in this field, despite the foregoing anecdote. Both sexes seem to possess equal ESP abilities, with both showing marked improvement when communicating telepathically with a person of opposite sex. Intelligence does not increase clairvoyance or telepathy — there are cases on record of tele-

"Dear Dr. Marston:

"I was brought up very strictly as a child. One of my father's cardinal principles was that the truth, no matter what the circumstances, could never be concealed without bringing trouble. I was taught that an untruth, no matter how trifling, was not only a sin but a self-injury.

"But that was many years ago, and often since then I have tampered with the truth when I thought I had to. And I think that sometimes it was the best thing I could do. But I am never sure. The question often troubles me, and I would like to know if you believe that good can ever come of a lie."

Dr. Marston will be interested to hear the opinions of other readers on this common problem in living. He will discuss it in his July clinic: "Is it ever right to lie?"

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pathic morons. ESP does not seem to differ with age: Dr. Rhine reports the case of a twelve-year-old child who perceived twenty ESP cards correctly. Curiously, the ESP subjects at Duke did not improve with practice; their best scores were frequently made on the first trial. This is contrary to my own experience — the more of this sort of work I attempt, the better I succeed. Boredom with the monotony of laboratory method probably accounts for the decline in the scores of Rhine's subjects after thousands of trials. I have found this same effect of boredom frequently, though sometimes in the middle of a slump a subject may produce an extraordinary bit of telepathy in some personal matter of great importance.

Interest, undoubtedly, increases your powers of extrasensory perception. Emotion drives the mind to perceive directly what it seeks, just as strong feeling drives the body to travel to China or Europe or Africa to see and hear and taste and smell new, interesting environments. Dr. Rhine marvels that the one trait his best subjects have in common is a keen enjoyment in taking ESP tests. But that is precisely what I should expect, if extrasensory perception resembles our better known abilities. *Men and women do best what they enjoy most.* Whether it be memorizing lessons, writing poetry, playing the stock market, or tinkering with automobiles, this rule remains the same — what you like you do successfully. So, if you believe yourself to be the seventh son of a seventh son, whose relatives all are "psychic" and whose private recreation is roaming the "astral plain" mentally, you are bound to manifest unusual powers of extrasensory perception, because this sort of thing interests you. If you have no interest in extrasensory phenomena except proving them false, you can easily and truthfully do so — in your own case at least — by taking a few thousand ESP tests and publishing your inevitably negative results.

III

CORRESPONDENTS ask insistently, "How do you explain telepathy and clairvoyance?"

No tenable theory has yet been proposed. Rhine refuses to commit himself. He goes only so far as to cite some evidence against the "mental radio" theory. Back in the early days at Harvard, we assumed naïvely that one human mind sends out thought waves which another mind picks up like a radio. This explanation won't do, according to Dr. Rhine.

His argument is somewhat complicated, but its essence is this. Clairvoyant perceptions, were they based upon radiant energy traveling from object to brain, would not behave as they do. Printer's ink on a pasteboard card doesn't give out short-wave emanations.

What have we left? Facts. We know that somehow or other a message passes between the object perceived and the brain of the perceiver. We know that the object cannot send this message. Therefore the brain or some form of energy connected with the brain must go out and get the message and bring it back. Radio energy wouldn't do this; it would go out but it wouldn't bring back an impression to the brain that sent it. We are compelled to admit, therefore, that a new type of energy, consciousness, its properties not yet known, is playing a part in this picture.

I suggest that extrasensory perception is the first of these properties to be discovered. But this doesn't mean that mind energy is supernatural. The properties of radiant energy, when discovered, were quite unlike anything previously known, and so it is with consciousness. No theory manufactured out of old materials will explain extrasensory perception.

Meanwhile, we can use ESP itself in various practical ways. I have verified some of these uses through repeated experiments. Jobs can be located through extrasensory perception — I have done it for myself and others. (But only as experiments — I'm not in the employment business!) Not a week goes by that I do not use ESP in making telephone calls, perceiving thus when some elusive person is in his office. I cannot always do it; I make mistakes. But I keep trying and am gradually learning the conditions under which ESP will work.

You can do the same but you must be earnest and persistent in your self-studies. Some "hunches" are reliable; but before relying upon them you must learn to separate an ESP hunch from a wishful imagination.

If all of us possess this extraordinary ability, as the evidence indicates, it becomes both a necessity and an amusement to cultivate it, test it, and learn how to use it.

Next month: Must I Go to Church?

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Freer Than a Bachelor

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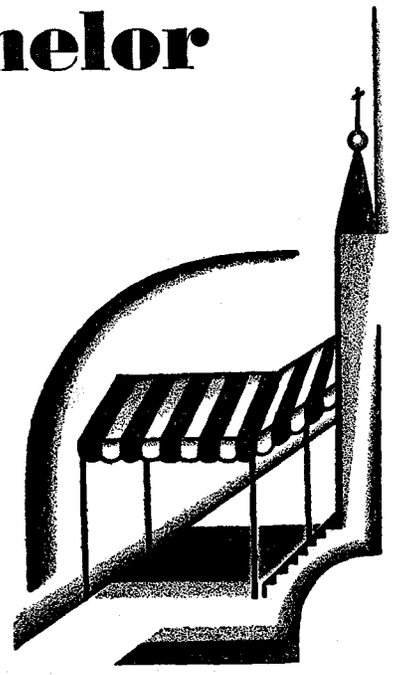
by
WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT



I BELONG to that nose-to-the-grindstone fraternity called husbands. We are confessedly the most nonvocal group in the world; hence there has grown up about us a tradition of colorless conventionality and surrendered identity. Freedom is supposed to be unknown to us as we follow meekly our plow-horse existence.

Bachelors twit us about our submissiveness, while those who live alone and like it have only pity for us. As to what our wives think — we are afraid to ask. In this case, silence is golden.

Yet are husbands really as frustrated as all that? Are we the *ne plus ultra* of nonentityism? I wonder. Or perhaps I am engaging in wishful thinking.

I had golden years of bachelorhood but somehow I can't recall them with any particular wistfulness. I came and went as I pleased, I had no one to account to or for, my whole existence was centripetal, and there was no one to criticize me. In my little realm, I was lord of creation. I had a job which made my time pretty much my own, my income was ample for the needs and foibles of one lone mortal, and friends didn't resent at all — at least openly — my being a parasite on their hospitality. Some ladies who weren't too choosy and were endowed with the typically feminine love of the chase subtly let it be known that I could end my bachelorhood at will.

Paradise for man? If bachelorhood provides it, I had it. And I was all set for the suavity and complacency of single life, feeling confident that, if ever I altered my philosophy, somewhere there would be a woman waiting for the march to the altar.

Then I met her. To my amazement, she was utterly indifferent to my blandishments. My accustomed practice had been effusively to praise the ladies and then, when they responded, to withdraw into my shell, expecting them to pursue. But not so with this specimen. I was astounded by the way she ignored me. I tried my subtlest arts, but her response was that of a wooden Indian.

Annoyingly, my pulse became rapid, and uneasy lay the head that had not known sleeplessness before. I went a-courting in earnest, but the cardiac pounding only increased. I began to see double — not alcoholic visions but deliriously happy images of her and me treading a golden path down the years.

Harassed by my desperate importunities, she married me. And with that my love of "freedom" flew out the window. I didn't know it was going and cared less.

I soon had plenty to occupy my mind. Five bouncing babies came yowling along in the space of ten years. They brought with them highly positive and expressive dispositions and gave us intimate acquaintance with measles, scarlet fever, chicken pox, whooping cough, sore throat, bellyache, and mumps. In addition, they were highly militant, especially toward

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each other. That was a decade of raising money by day and the infantry by night.

I had little time for my own amusement, no time at all for self-pity. Existence became so objective that the miracle of my conversion from an introvert to an extravert was accomplished. And in the process there developed a self-discipline, totally unanticipated, which helps make me freer than ever I was as a bachelor.

I learned to wipe an infant nose without a shudder. I figured with regard to babies that, if the good wife had 'em, I ought to raise 'em, especially after dark. I got so I could wake a dozen times a night and perform the necessary operations — be it to tuck in the covers, heat the bottle, or make the change — and not be a wreck the next day. In fact, I could spring gaily out of bed in the morning at the first tinkle of the alarm. I also learned what to do for the croup and even how, on occasion, to perform the infant laundering while singing.

My New World

I DO NOT MEAN to be pharisaical or smug when I say I would go through it again, not from a sense of my duty to multiply and replenish the earth or for the joy of having youngsters around or for what they mean for future happiness when old age settles down — all of which are valid and ample reasons. But I would do it over again for what it has meant to me personally in the way of greater freedom.

There is a spurious concept abroad that freedom implies apathy to the rules and demands of life, indifference to the welfare of others, indulgence in whims and appetites; that it gives one license to do whatever he pleases at whatever cost. I discovered that this was not freedom but anarchy.

I slowly learned that real freedom is not an indulgence but a fulfillment of one's destiny and that in conforming to the law one gains the greatest liberty. In working out the pattern of one's life according to the design of creation is to be found orderly freedom — the only real freedom there is.

In my callow days I had entertained the idea that marriage would be a millstone around my neck, would hamper my "career," limit normal fun and recreation, and deny me opportunity for further education and training. Even if these things had proved true, I wouldn't today regret my marriage, but the fact is that exactly the opposite proved true.

One of my most vivid memories is the way I, a bachelor approaching 30, used to worry about what might happen if I lost my job or fell under an automobile or was robbed. Believe me, I was a normal, healthy young buck of uncertain I.Q. but with plenty of hopes for success and fame. Yet fear would grip me in the long, lonely hours of darkness, and I would wrestle with the chill clutch of uncertainty. And I had no one to support but myself!

Now one cannot be blind to economic conditions. Yet, as I look about and see how ingenuity has aided people of modest circumstances in raising their families, as, indeed, I see myself jogging happily along with seven souls under my roof demanding both bread and cake, I cannot but believe there is a compensatory influence at work somewhere. In other words, heaven not only helps the poor working girl but also the toiling husband and father. I'm so busy with what is, I haven't time to stew about what might be.

Thus, curiously enough, one of the first elements of freedom which marriage and parenthood brought to me was release from fear. I found that mutual interdependence makes for self-reliance. Two who can consult together about their needs and can plan to meet those needs collectively not only find strength therein but develop resourcefulness as well. And, when you have your own flesh and blood dependent on you, the inspirational element enters.

An introvert is, I believe, the most prison-

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bound person in all the world. Fear feeds on fear, morbidity on morbidity. Marriage and parenthood, which discipline the individual to self-forgetfulness, beget courage for his tasks. Again the law of compensation applies.

With the departure of fear come confidence and courage. And, without confidence and courage, what freedom can there be? Freedom is a terror to the weak. Only the strong can endure liberty and capitalize on it.

Fountain of Youth

As a lowly husband and father, I found life taking on a strange exhilaration, because I had a more definite objective than just existence. I found the positive side of freedom (the negative of which is the release from fear). I discovered that life begins with parenthood. That isn't intended to be funny. I mean life for the father and mother. Having children looking to them for sustenance does more than create vanity in father and mother (the former is the more likely victim). It also develops a sense of responsibility, which in turn fosters self-mastery and aggressiveness. Both of these qualities are the *sine qua non* of freedom.

I will wager that, where one man has been licked by marriage, ten have been made by it. There are some welshers, of course, but congenial marriage and planned parenthood will almost invariably bring out the best qualities and spur the ambitions of the normal young man.

I have in mind the brilliant literary editor of one of our greatest metropolitan newspapers. Under 30, he has a national reputation. He married at 21. He worked as night clerk and watchman in a home for incurables to get his university education. His wife struggled for hers. Children tumbled in on them, but they battled their way through to success. They are about the freest, happiest, most ambitious couple I know.

Another truth which knocked at my door and found entrance when marriage and parenthood opened it was that of the freedom of growth. Without growth there is no freedom, for freedom is life, and life is growth.

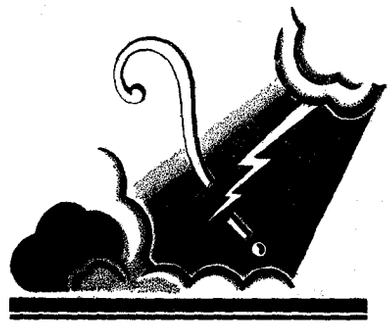
There is an old saying on the farm that you can't park a team and a loaded wagon on the side of a hill. Either the team will pull the wagon up, or the load will drag the horses down. Life is like that. It is never static. When we cease to develop physically, we begin to deteriorate. At the second we cease to grow up mentally, we begin to dry up. It is either progression or retrogression.

And what an incomparable spur to growth a family is! Life always expands for the real father and mother. This expansion is found in the self-sacrifice necessary for the welfare of children and in the continued spirit of youth maintained by constant association with young human beings.

I am a man of middle age. Suppose I were single. I should live at a club or hotel or rooming house or in an apartment of my own. My thoughts would likely be entirely on myself, my own welfare, my own pleasure. My associates would be those of business or recreation, and would be of my own age. Contacts with youth would be artificial or at least superficial and, at best, occasional. I should develop the middle-age complex, the middle-age consciousness of approaching old age, possibly the middle-age feeling of futility and frustration, and possibly also a middle-age sense of inefficiency.

On the other hand, having to hustle for a demanding but appreciative family has been heroic but effective medicine. I can conscientiously say I have no sense of age. I plan my own future as eagerly as I did when I was 21. Even more so, I think, because I have more to plan for. And I live and glow in the hope that I will be a grandfather!

The finest thing of all for us is our constant association with youth. We frolic with our youngsters and their playmates, plan with them and for them. In the enthusiasm, the exuberance, the emotional responsiveness of youth, we have a natural part. To watch the children's physical development is a pleasure, to see their mental growth is a joy, and to



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note their spiritual expansion is an inspiration.

If you want to sharpen your mind, go up against the adroitness of a child. Watch him as he uses his strategy to see how far he can go without reaching *verboten* territory. If there is any greater fun than firsthand delving into childhood psychology, I don't know what it is.

Years ago my daughter's playmate, by effective use of tears, wangled permission from her father to go to a picnic.

"Why don't *you* try crying?" I asked my offspring.

"I know it wouldn't do any good!" she shot back.

"It works with her," I said.

"I know," was the reply, "but you see, Dad, she bawls awful clever."

"And what's that like?"

"Oh, you know, kind of dying-like."

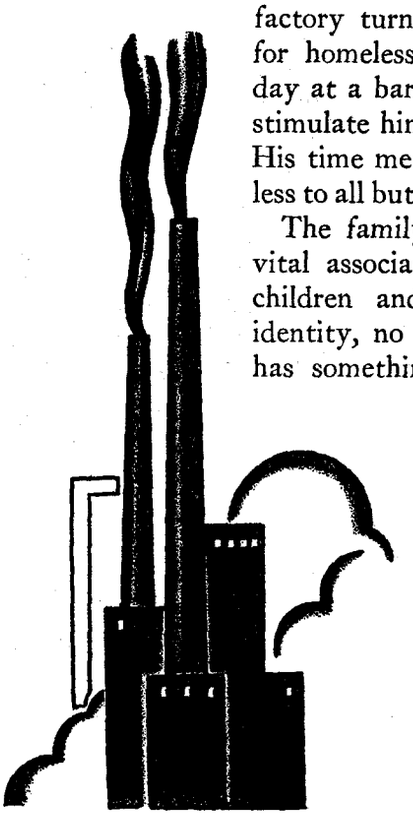
In this sustained spirit of youth, which parenthood brings and which nothing else can provide in such full measure, is to be found the greatest freedom of all. It is the fulfillment of the order of life, and the satisfaction therein is complete and enduring. You are always facing the rising sun.

What Freedom Means

Freedom implies the capacity to enjoy it. I might be directed into the cockpit of the finest, fastest airplane in the world and be told that "the freedom of the air is yours." But I would sit there helpless until I learned how to operate the machine. The freedom of life is only for him who knows how to manage it. The discipline of parenthood is one way to attain it.

Freedom is not automatic. The processes of life may be, but its acquirements are not. The man lost in the forest tends to go in circles. To be free means not to drift as circumstances may lead but to choose. In fact, only as I choose am I free. Everything that I do as the result of compulsion by forces I do not control is an enchainment. To have worthwhile freedom, one must have deliberate and intelligent planning for the future. Under the spur of parenthood, one is more inclined to plan thoughtfully and less inclined to drift aimlessly in the easiest direction.

A vital element in the enjoyment of freedom is a sense of security. The married man in business is more firmly anchored than the unattached individual. He is a better insurance risk, and is considered by experienced executives a more stable and dependable worker. He is less likely to be laid off a job, because he has dependents to care for. And he has a mutual insurance company in his family, with a community of interest, so that, when worst comes to worst and charity must enter the situation, the family man has the better of it.



The unattached man is herded into a huge factory turned into a lodging house for homeless men. He eats twice a day at a bare board. He has little to stimulate him, few to encourage him. His time means little; his life is aimless to all but himself.

The family man has a home and vital associations with his wife and children and neighbors. He is an identity, no matter how limited. He has something to reinforce him, to make him hope and work for better things.

It may be said that the hazards are greater in family life than single, because of the demands of dependents. Initially, that is true. But a family investment has accumulating, even if deferred, payments. Let me speak from experience. We have had a struggle to support our children, and it still continues. Suppose I had remained single and invested my surplus earnings in stocks or real estate, only to lose all in the crash, as many did. At middle age and entirely dependent on myself, where would I be if I lost my job?

As it is, my investment in my children cannot be completely destroyed. While I expect to help them through their education and until they are settled in life and certainly do not plan, later, to be a burden to them, yet reverses might come to me at any time. What then?

I do not *expect* ever to ask my children for a

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nickel. But I don't say I'd rather starve than ask. As the kids grow older and become self-supporting, my sense of security increases; and I expect to enjoy the coming years with a greater sense of freedom than I ever had in earlier days.

I have been fired a couple of times but on each occasion managed to get a better job within 24 hours. Having dependents, I had to hustle whether I wanted to or not. We have had ups and downs, living from hand to mouth on occasion, but I am none the worse for wear. I was as bald at 30 as I am now at 50. I weigh 25 pounds more, my nerves are better, and an insurance company wrote me for $15,000 additional the other day as a preferred risk. At 16 I was semineurotic, afflicted with melancholia, bearing the burden of the world on my shoulders. I can do more work now than ever before and I feel like a million dollars.

I rejoice in the fact that I am not leading the withering life almost inevitable to the bachelor. Some of them avoid the penalty of their refusal to heed Cupid's call by attaining objective living — but not many. As a group, they are imprisoned by their own individualism. I feel sorry for them in their self-imposed loneliness, increasing as the years go by. Taking them by and large, I'm freer than any one of them I ever met.

In an early issue:
"Should I Have a Baby?"
by Cecilia Eggleston

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What the JEWS Have Taught Me

by **FAITH G. WINTHROP**

I AM A GOI of the goyim, an Aryan of the Aryans, and, I might add, an American of strictly Puritan stock. No one of my family has ever married a Jew, although my maternal grandmother had a maiden name which might conceivably indicate a slight early infiltration of English Jewish blood. However, so far back as genealogy serves, it indicates that not a Semitic drop flows in my veins. My hair is blond in its own right, my eyes blue. I am not a communist, a fascist, a Republican, socialist, or New Dealer; my political and economic creed is co-operation and the single tax. My years are those of discretion, I hope, and my occupations various and of a semipublic nature. I am — though it doesn't matter much in this age — a Protestant.

These facts are set forth as a necessary preliminary to what I am about to say. For it is a recognized practice in argumentation, if not in logic, to abuse the ancestry, politics, morals, and reputation of one's opponent. I am going to make a lot of enemies by this article and I may as well give them the information for their attack at the start.

For some twenty years past, my activities have brought me into close contact with Jews of every social level and from every country where Jews thrive. I am on terms of close intimacy with a German Jewess of fabulous income, an intellectual Russian Jew who calls me Kid, and a Lithuanian Jewess who works in a hat factory, besides many others too numerous to mention one by one. My secretary is a Jew, and I have just fired a Jewish typist because he could not make a page of manuscript look as though it were meant to be read. I know the Jew who is a rabbi, the Jew who is a small trader, the Jew who is on the relief rolls. I have been swindled by Jews; I have lent money to Jews; and I have borrowed money from Jews.

Do not, however, get the impression that I have been abandoning my gentile connections and steeping myself in Jewish thought and ways of life. My closest friends are all gentiles, and out of a very wide circle of acquaintances and associates the great majority are non-Jewish. And how non-Jewish, most of them! One dear lady has done her best to convince me of the existence of a world-wide secret organization of Jews, enrolling every Jewish man, woman, and child, in which no one member knows any other member except his immediate superior. It is an organization, she solemnly assures me, whose immediate objective is the seizure of every government on earth, including Italy, Japan, China, and the Irish Republic!

I have German Nazi friends before whom I do not parade my Jewish friendships, capitalist friends who think good hotels should exclude Jews along with negroes, aristocratic friends who would not think of inviting a Jew into their homes. I hear much more said against the Jew than for him, for my Jew-hating friends are articulate and vociferous, while the Jews I know have something, perhaps a form of pride, which makes them reticent about their troubles. One of my nearest relations is the most ardent Jew baiter I know, losing no opportunity to write or say whatever expresses her hatred.

II

THIS ARTICLE is not a scientific study based on statistic and mass figures. What I am trying to do is determine what characteristics, if any, belong not to one, not to a few, but to every single Jew of my acquaintance. What are

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the qualities which may legitimately be termed Jewish? What is it which sets these people apart from all others — or is the Jewishness of the Jews a myth, like the myth of the total depravity of man?

I do not think it is a myth. I think there are at least two absolutely universal characteristics which mark every single Jew of my acquaintance and set them aside from gentiles as a group. I believe that, to a considerable extent, the race of humans may correctly be divided into men, women, and Jews, as is alleged by the Jew haters.

But the qualities I find universally characteristic of the Jew are not those which are popularly supposed to be his.

I have mentioned having been swindled by Jews. One such case was no ordinary little swindle but one of the slickest pieces of dirty work that has ever been put over on a not too guileless and gullible lady of Puritan ancestry. Through manipulated foreclosure of a mortgage plus abduction of a buyer standing ready to acquire a $100,000 piece of property, I was relieved at one stroke of the bulk of my worldly wealth. At another time the returns from a book I wrote (it sold 250,000 copies) were largely wangled away from me by a shrewd Jewish gentleman.

Still I am unable to attribute sharp commercial practice to the Jews as a *race.* My experience has convinced me that, while Jewish sharpers and swindlers exist, they are not characteristic; they are but a small minority of the whole. Not one Jew out of five I know would take unfair advantage of me for his or her own gain — and I have tested that statement many times. Jews have refused to take interest on loans they have made me. Jews have promoted my interests at the expense of their own. When a Jew is a swindler, he does the job in a big way and he gets himself talked about. But when he is conspicuously honest, that aspect of his character receives little notice.

Jews are said also to be dirty, but this is an ignorant and childish accusation. They are said to lack decent reticence — the finer feelings of the gentile, which lead him to avoid certain exhibitions of himself. This is true and false. Large families and overcrowding have eliminated reticence in many Jews. A Jewish girl will tell you things your sister would blush to reveal to you; a Jewish husband will open the boudoir door so the world may gaze within. But every Jew of my acquaintance who lacks reticence can be matched by a Jew who has it. The first attracts attention, the second does not. That is what accounts for the ordinary error which imputes blatancy to all Jews without exception.

III

I PASSED a recent week-end with Max and Rose, two Jewish friends of mine. They rejoice in three children, aged six, ten, and twelve; and three children never succeeded more thoroughly in ruining a week-end. They argued, declaimed, interrupted, questioned, yelled, fought, recriminated — at the dinner table, at play, at the toilet. I escaped, exhausted, as early as possible, and henceforth I shall invite Max and Rose to visit me. The children will outgrow their childish exuberance; they will develop into fine people like their parents. But I shall be elsewhere during the process.

This experience, together with many others of the same sort, nearly led me to the generalization that all Jews spoil their children, girls as well as boys — Hebrew parents deny them nothing. I have seen brown-eyed four-year-olds sucking at nursing bottles because Mamma could not bring herself to train them to drink from a glass. I have heard youthful yells and screams and seen them obtain the desired results from Papa. I have never known a Jewish parent who was a good disciplinarian with his own offspring, and perhaps that is why one so seldom sees a neat, well-mannered, deferential, docile little Jewish child.

The only reason I do not call this a universal characteristic is because I have heard of exceptions, notably that of a French Jewish youth who told me that until he was nine years old he was brutally beaten by his father on the slightest provocation. The stories he related seemed too circumstantial to have been invented, and his beautiful manners may have been further evidence of a chastened childhood.

Now of course fine-mannered, subdued children are comfortable things to have about one; but there are two sides to the parental-discipline question. It must be remembered

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that this parental indulgence arises from an excess (perhaps not an excess but at least an abundance) of parental affection. Jews generally are the proudest, most loving parents in the world. When Sam's wife has her first baby, that baby's image is in Sam's eyes; it smiles from photographs on his desk, snapshots in his pocket and stars in an endless flow of anecdotes and panegyrics. Every Jewish child is an angel in his parents' eyes. Each is the best, the smartest, the sweetest, and the cleanest in mind and body. Each must be given, constantly given, everything its little heart could wish — especially love.

There is something, if not everything, to be said for this philosophy of parenthood. We gentiles are often kinder to our animals than to our children. We do not take wheat kernels and plant them in stony soil for the sake of subduing them or teaching them to surmount obstacles. We do not bind heavy burdens on colts' backs in order to make them better behaved. If parental love is a good thing, can there be any excess of it? I do not know; I merely ask. I have seen gentile children rather badly spoiled, and some of them turned out better than the well-behaved ones.

IV

However, this matter of the Jewish attitude toward children is of less importance than the Jews' attitude toward life. And it is in this connection that I have made my effort to find a distinctively racial characteristic. For years I have struggled to define that elusive thing which distinguishes every Jew and constitutes his Jewishness. And now I am able to say out loud what I have felt all this time. It is this: The Jew worships intelligence. Distinctive among races, this is his racial characteristic.

It is not that the Jew craves education and knowledge, though he does. It is not that the Jewish scholar or student is distinguished, though he is more often than not. It is that, clear at the bottom of the heart and soul of every Jew I know — millionaire, pauper, swindler, teacher, schoolboy, every last one — right there where the Jew lives, his soul abases itself before the altar of Mind.

This is not so with any other race. The fairly typical attitude of "common" people is a distrust of intelligence — often with some show of reason, for "pure" intelligence can play some queer tricks. It is an open question whether intellect is or is not always a safe and sound guide to action. But not for the Jew. The Catholic will worship his Virgin, the Scot his bawbees, the Japanese his Mikado. Only the Jew puts his trust in Mind.

No other trust is good enough for the Jew. Long ago a Jew wrote, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

The modern version of that quotation is the story of little Ikey and his grocer-father, who stood Ikey on the store counter while he gave him a lecture on business methods. After exhorting him to think before he acted, to trust his wits first and always, the father held out his arms, saying, "Now, Ikey, jump!"

Ikey jumped — and came down with a bang on the floor.

"That shows, Ikey," runs the moral, "don't trust even Papa."

It is this worship of intelligence, turned wrong end to, which fosters many of the qualities unpleasantly known as Jewish — the suspiciousness, the arrogance, the hairsplitting. When you put your trust in pure thought you cannot be too humble about your revelations from the god of thought, and you are compelled to defend these revelations by all means from all enemies. Nothing is too small to be important, and nothing is too great. The end of life is thought, and the means to it are of course argument.

The Jew worships intelligence, often without those restraints commonly imposed on themselves by people of culture. He is occasionally superficial just because he cannot wait to burst past the preliminaries, the outer gates, into the sanctum of knowledge. He is arrogant because his idea thrills him and he expects you to stand up for your idea with the same thrill and conviction, all the more if that means a battle of wits. He is hairsplitting because every detail is so vital to full knowledge.

Of course, superficiality and hairsplitting

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cancel each other out, as do many of the other characteristics often attributed to the Jews as a race. All those two words mean is that some Jews are superficial, others are hair-splitting. But all Jews, every Jew in the world, is a mind worshiper.

V

I AM NOT QUITE so certain of my second great generalization about the Jews as a race. It is biological, emotional, and intellectual and to some extent it supports the first generalization. It is that Jews vary from the norm more widely than do individuals in other races. This might be expressed in a statement of proportion: Jews are to other men as other men are to women.

Philosophers like Havelock Ellis have long been telling us that a chief difference between the sexes is that women stay closer to the norm. Men show more geniuses and more idiots. Women less often go insane, but they less often produce art of the first rank. Most of the world's leaders, as well as the world's villains, have been men.

Now the Jew is, for good or for bad, extreme. When I meet one I am confident that I am going to find him definitely more or less interesting than the average person. The ranks of the Jews hold Jesus and Judas, Einsteins and idiots, Rothschilds and paupers. Jews run to extremes, and because there is an extreme of obnoxiousness, it is this shifty, noisy, pushing extreme which too often stands for the race as a whole. Jews themselves know the other Jewish types. Most gentiles do not.

I know the sensitive, shrinking Jew — poetic, incapable of making his own way, torn by rebuffs and hatreds, his face a living tragedy on which the tragic fate of his race is being written. I know the gentle old Jew — music-loving, book-loving, home-loving, withdrawn from the active currents of the world, tenderly watched over by the other members of his family. I know the plump Jewish housewife — witty, practical, hospitable, bustling over her borscht and latkes like a florist among his flowers. I know the jolly Jewish maiden — energetic, inquisitive, gobbling knowledge, dances, concerts, art exhibits, and shopping in a series of full-hearted gulps. How can I lump all these into one group and turn my heart against them collectively? Perhaps even a little against my will, I have come to love them.

Among the Jews I have found more genuine loyalty, more understanding, more compassion, and more generosity than my Jew-hating friends would ever believe could exist. Where the gentile gives $5 to a charity, the Jew gives $100. The Jew will not take interest for a friendly loan. A secret, whatever its nature, is as safe with a Jew as in a federal vault. There is nothing a friend can ask which a Jew will not grant, no matter what the personal inconvenience.

One of my friends, generally unfriendly to Jews, is president of a chess club. These are his words to me:

> Our club is about two fifths Jews in numbers, but on tournament night you'd think there wasn't a gentile in it. They take an interest. You give a set of chessmen to a gentile boy, and he likes it, plays a little, even joins a club. But the Jew boy first thing you know is trying out openings, buys or borrows a book on chess, gives it his spare time, works, studies, learns — and another chess master is born!

An unwilling tribute to the energy and intelligence of the Jew.

When a man does what you would like to do, whether it is playing chess, making money, writing plays, or swindling, and does it better than you could do, one of two things will happen: You will admire him or you will hate him. Now of course not every Jew will do his job better than could a gentile; but, just because the Jew worships intelligence, just because he is often endowed with a restless nervous energy which has to spend itself, he frequently does do the job with more zest, more interest, and hence more skill than the gentile. Having been spoiled as a child, he remains self-assertive. He is not given to doing good work by stealth and blushing at fame (however silently he may go about charitable giving). The result is that, for every gentile who, like me, admires him, two gentiles, like so many of my friends, hate him.

VI

I AM THOROUGHLY convinced that it is the Jew's worship of intelligence which is at once his glory and the source of most of his troubles. People are prone to hate intelligent individuals with the hatred which discredited Mr. Roosevelt's "brain trust," the hatred which Hitler knows so well how to provoke for his own ends. People are all too given to

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disliking individuals of ability, whether musical, artistic, commercial, literary, or what not, particularly when the man of talent does not attempt to conceal his intelligence.

The Jew rejoices in his knowledge — and is called conceited and insufferable. He wins a scholarship — and finds the university doors slammed in his face. He struggles and saves to be able to afford a summer home — and the real-estate men tell him they have no suitable properties.

The Jew must often be twice as able as the Gentile in order to obtain half as great a reward. Realizing this, he slaves, aspires, succeeds — and is hated for it.

Now, when I say that the Jew "slaves," I am reminded of a complaint against him very frequently made by my gentile friends. "The Jew will not work with his hands," they say. "He won't farm, won't toil, won't produce. He prefers to trade, to live by his wits. I don't justify Hitler in his policies," my friends go on, "but it is certainly galling to see the way the Jews are willing to make anybody slave for them, in the kitchen, the garden, the shop — but they won't dirty their own hands or demean themselves by physical labor."

To which I retort, "What of it? Neither will I, unless I have to! What person with brains chooses physical toil when he has the ability to make his way without it?"

But that answer doesn't satisfy my gentile friends. They insist that Jews ought to like muscular exertion. Well — some do. And most of the very intelligent don't.

I have been intending in this article to tell you what I have learned from my Jewish friends. I have learned a great deal. I have learned generosity, loyalty, intellectual honesty, comradeship, intellectual adventurousness, and inspiration. I have learned gratitude, affection, forbearance. I have learned fortitude and courage in the face of uncertainty, difficulty, and danger. And I have learned to appreciate a family spirit which is beautiful and enduring.

I was at one time in some distress and uncertainty over a matter involving an estate. Another member of my family was, I felt, taking unfair advantage of me, and, while I hesitated to initiate legal action, still I felt resentful over what I knew was an injustice.

In this state I happened to visit with a Jewish friend, the wife of a dentist.

The matter which was troubling me chanced to be mentioned, and, as there was nothing especially private about it, I described my hurt over what was taking place.

"My dear," said this friend, "I want to tell you a story about an estate in which I had a share." And she gave me the tale of a greedy sister and a trusting father. "Well, I just let her have whatever she wanted," finished my friend. "I didn't fight or complain or resist. That was fifteen years ago. And, every year since, I have been glad I solved the thing that way. I put resentment right out of my mind and maintained a sisterly attitude. And it worked."

That story cured me. There was no more conflict in my mind, and I raised no family row. Eventually, the matter resolved itself.

As experiences multiply in which I am able to test and prove the good will, wisdom, and loyalty of my Jewish friends, what can I do but like and respect them? If I knew how to convert my Jew-hating friends to my way of thinking, I would do it. But it is impossible to argue with them, to prove by words that the Jewish race is not what they take it to be.

So I have written this article instead. It is a small penny's worth of the debt I owe the Jews.

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Moses on Nebo

Now lay me down, my children; it is time.
Here on the earth's high table, near to God.
He is my friend, I hope; I have been His.

The hosts are silent in the plain below.
Behind us over Egypt sinks the day.
On Moab stands the night; and here I stand.

It is not what I looked for. I had hoped
To fold my hands at least within my tent
In my own land — these hands that broke the sea,

And led a people out upon the earth
To wander homeless in the wilderness.
Homeless and hearthless in the wilderness.

Your doing, Blessed Power, not my own.

The hosts are silent; they are at their thoughts.
Sinai behind them, and the wars ahead.
On Edom stands the night. Where stands the day?

Oh Joshua, my little bird, what leaf,
What message do you bring me from the floods
That pour upon the world? What happy sign?

Only the barren twig of Jericho?

Jerusalem — it has a holy sound.
Rome and Seville and Frankfort — what strange names
Beat on my ears like tocsins of alarm.

There is no peace in them. There is no peace.

Where shall the Holy Tabernacle rest?
What land is promised, Lord? I cannot see.
Only the bitter deserts to the north.

David and Jesus, children of my bones,
Have you nowhere to bid us welcome home?

Low over Egypt westward sinks the sun.
Ammon in darkness too, and all the plain.
Night stands in Midian; and here I stand.

Robert Nathan

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Have Not and Prosper

by **EDWIN MULLER**

We hear violent demands today from the "have not" nations — Germany, Italy, Japan. Each says in effect: We have not enough land to support our population. We lack raw materials. We are a strong and proud people. If you do not give us those necessities we will take them.

But are those particular "necessities" essential to a happy and abundant life? Must every nation have them or starve?

The story of Switzerland would indicate that land, raw material, and colonies are not as important as they sound. Here is a nation with a small territory and a high density of population, with not nearly enough arable land to feed herself. She has neither iron, coal, oil, nor the other raw materials to supply her industries. She has neither colonies nor access to the sea, but is surrounded by larger and more aggressive neighbors, in the very center of the cockpit of Europe. She not only has large alien minorities but is composed of such diverse elements that her citizens speak four different languages.

A nation with such handicaps should be in a poor way, according to the dictators of the other "have not" nations, the ones that are giving up butter for guns with which to improve their positions. Her citizens must live a bare and meager life.

What are the facts? They are not easy to arrive at, the Swiss not being articulate about themselves. You can't imagine their leaders standing in the focus of a hundred spotlights, before an audience of millions, telling the world through the microphone what fine fellows they are. They are parsimonious in publicizing their country. But, when you have dug down to the facts, they come with something of a shock.

II

We of the United States consider ourselves the wealthiest nation on earth. Well — in 1928 the per capita wealth of the United States was $2,098; that of Switzerland was $3,126. And there are few rich men in Switzerland to pad the average.

Even today we boast that Americans have a much higher standard of living than inhabitants of any other country in the world. Well, the Swiss have just as high — if not a trifle higher — real wages: the amount and quality of food, housing, clothing, etc., that one gets for his day's work. And unemployment in Switzerland is under two per cent.

How do they do it?

Fundamentally, of course, the answer is in the Swiss character, which one is forced to describe in paradoxes. The Swiss are a race of

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fighters, but they are not aggressive. They have an ardent patriotism but no "nationalism." They are individualists but are able to co-operate, among themselves and with others.

Ever since they have been a nation the Swiss have been faced with certain hard facts — that their land is ill equipped to furnish a living, that they must import three fourths of their food and practically all of their raw materials. They have conditioned themselves to those facts. They work hard — too hard according to modern standards. There are only two national holidays. One falls on Sunday; the other is a holiday in the sense that people work all day and celebrate in the evening.

But hard work is not enough. The workers have had to develop technical skills superior to those of their neighbors. They must live by export. To compete with their neighbors in mass production is impossible. Their only weapon is quality — goods so much better that the neighbors are forced to buy.

They have made a workshop of their country. That's something that the tourist doesn't see. When he stands on the well-trodden summit of the Rigi he looks in only one direction — south. There he sees the picture-postcard Switzerland — the mighty wall of the Bernese Oberland, vast snow fields and glaciers, an army of peaks that crowd the horizon. If he turned around, he'd see quite another Switzerland. Baden, for example, the spreading factories of Brown-Boveri. On it are converging long trainloads of coal from Sweden, iron ore from Lorraine. From it go out the great turbines and generators that serve the power industries of the world. He'd see factories making watches, lace, cheese, chemical products, artificial silk, woolens, shoes, ribbons, cotton cloth, knit goods, dyes, chocolate, glue, cigars, earthenware, glass.

In each of these industries the basis of quality is the skill of the individual workman, highly specialized, painfully acquired, passed on from father to son, generation after generation.

Each industry is localized by districts. In the Jura for example, everything is watches. Everybody talks watches, lives watches. The hills are dotted with small factories. One makes nothing but watch springs, another cases, etc. Much of the production is still homework. A man goes to the factory on Monday and brings home the week's quota. He and his sons work at the same bench. The power for the lathe may come from the stream that flows past the cottage. Fifty years from now his grandson will probably be working at the same bench with his sons, their skill a little further refined.

Artisan skill isn't enough. To live by export the Swiss must keep always a little ahead of their neighbors by inventing new things and new processes that are better than the old.

We in the United States account ourselves a nation of inventors. For every 1,000,000 of our population we grant annually 160 new patents. In Switzerland the figure is 930 per 1,000,000. The Swiss make the way smooth for their inventors, eliminate as far as possible the red tape and complicated procedure of patent law. Most of the patents cover refinements and improvements of industrial processes. The Swiss have taken the lead in many fields. Cellophane, artificial silk, the typewriter — scores of modern products — have been pioneered by them.

There's another *must*. The Swiss must save. An unfavorable trade balance has been forced on them for 100 years. The tourist trade isn't enough to overcome it, producing only a small part of the national income. The only way to meet it has been for each Swiss, every year, to spend a little less than he earned. Out of a population of 4,000,000 there are 2,800,000 savings bank accounts. The Swiss hold more insurance per capita than any other nation.

There is little abject poverty. The poorest group is probably the peasant farmers of the High Alps. They have to scratch a living from tiny plots perched so high above the valleys that a farmer unsure of foot might fall out of his farm and break his neck. But they get along.

At the other end of the scale it is surprising how few rich men there are. It isn't that large personal fortunes are taxed out of existence. The income taxes in the higher brackets, the inheritance taxes, etc. are lower in Switzerland than here. Nor is it because there is no big business. The Nestle Company, Brown-Boveri, the great Co- and Re-Insurance Company of Zurich are big businesses even by our standards. Yet the leading men in finance and industry seem willing to put forth their best efforts for rewards that are very modest indeed by our scale. Their directors do not vote themselves giant bonuses. I've been told that no bank

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president in Switzerland receives a compensation of more than the equivalent of $25,000 per year.

Incredible as it seems to us, the Swiss apparently doesn't want vast wealth. It isn't fashionable. There's little place in his culture for lavish display, for "conspicuous consumption." There's not much of the gambling, speculative spirit. Enough is enough. A man labors to acquire a competence to live into old age in his own home and garden with a wall around it.

So there you have the Swiss people.

III

OF COURSE, they have their faults. For example, one misses in them the gaiety of the Austrians (unless *Anschluss* has had a disastrous effect) across the border. They are rather a dour race: all work and no play — or very little. But they are relatively prosperous in the midst of economic depression, soberly happy in an unhappy and disordered world.

That they are so is owing not only to the character of the people but to the characteristics of their government. It is, perhaps, natural that in a democratic system that was old when the Indians ruled North America, when Louis XIV ruled France, the citizens should have learned ways to make democracy work.

Some of their ways seem strange to a foreigner. Perhaps nowhere in the world are politicians so anonymous. The Swiss do not like the great leader, the man in the spotlight. They distrust the concentration of great power in the hands of one man. In the Swiss army there are, except in wartime, no ranks above that of colonel, no generals. A generalissimo would be unthinkable. The executive power is vested in a commission of seven, in which the president ranks equally with the other six. The executive is subordinated to the legislative, and the legislative arm is supplemented by an effective use of the initiative and the referendum. Even more than in England, the work of government is carried on by permanent officials, civil-service appointees who do not change with changing administrations.

Another characteristic is the tendency to decentralize. Large powers are entrusted to the states, the cantons, and on those powers the central government does not encroach. It must be so. The Swiss have no racial unity. In language and in race they are split into French, German, Italian, and others. It is hard for an outsider to see what some of them have in common.

Take a farmer of the canton of the Ticino. He lives on the southern slopes of the Alps, cut off by the great central chain from the rest of Switzerland. He is Catholic, speaks Italian, grows olives and wine like the Italian across the frontier. What has he in common with a city worker of Zurich — Protestant, German-speaking, allied by race to the nearby Bavarians? Yet the two have co-operated in one government for centuries. They are tolerant of each other's local culture and customs, never trying to force them into a standardized pattern. In national matters they fight it out with ballots and abide by the majority decision. In foreign matters they stand together under the Swiss motto: *One for all — all for one.*

In Switzerland, generally speaking, the government is behind business but not in it. The Swiss wants to run his own business with as little interference as possible, and yet he recognizes situations where the government must own and operate certain businesses, other situa-

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tions where the government must interfere with the free competition of private industry. But when he permits that interference he watches it very jealously.

As in most European countries, the post, telephone, and telegraph are government-owned. A generation ago the majority of voters decided that the principal railway system, the Swiss Federal Railways, could best be operated by the government. It is so operated, apparently with success.

For years government subsidies have pegged the price of wheat above the world price level. There is extensive use of consumer co-operatives, 2,000 of them, with a membership of 500,000.

The Swiss exporter couldn't live without the government behind him. When foreign currencies were disorganized after the war, the government subsidized watch and other exporters to the extent that the depreciated currencies caused them loss. The taxpayer grumbled but didn't vote against this.

After the war it seemed necessary to limit the production of certain export commodities. Laws were passed, and are still in effect, forbidding the establishment of new watch factories without government permission. When the world depression shot the tourist trade to pieces, when only one hotel bed out of five was occupied, the erection of new hotels was forbidden.

The majority of voters show themselves willing to tolerate this necessary interference with their liberties chiefly because the Swiss identifies his government with himself. "The Government?" he says. "I'm the government" — whether he's a banker, a railway conductor, or a hotel porter.

There's no move to make Switzerland self-sufficient — no ersatz. The Swiss have to buy, they want to sell. All they ask for is a prospering world around them. Even without it they do pretty well.

IV

SINCE THE WAR Swiss democracy has had to walk a path beset by danger. Like her neighbors, Switzerland has felt the pressure of communism and fascism. There is the potential threat of large alien minorities within. Aggression by her larger neighbors is an ever present danger. After the war Switzerland's grooves of foreign trade were clogged up. There was a rise of unemployment, discontent, strikes and other disturbances. The communists moved in and for a time made progress.

Then came the fascist reaction, calling itself the Front Movement. There was the Society of the Iron Brooms, promising to sweep democracy out of the country. There was the familiar technique of uniforms, parades, salutes. They were all set to create another fascist nation.

Today what has come of it all? Communism in Switzerland is dead. The Front Movement can barely muster voting strength enough to put one representative in the national parliament.

There's no exciting story about this collapse of dictator movements. No great leader, no knight in shining armor arose to stamp out communism. There was no violent repression of fascism, no fighting in the streets. Communism and fascism were seeds that fell on stony ground and withered away.

It hasn't been easy for the Swiss democracy to maintain its principles — isn't easy now. German citizens in Switzerland number 150,000. Three fourths of the population speak German and are as German racially as the Prussians. A

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cardinal aim of the Nazis is to bring all German peoples under their rule. Hitler talks of the "lost Swiss tribes." A flood of propaganda has flowed across the frontier by radio and the printed word. There has been violent agitation, centering in the German nationals — agitation to detach German Switzerland from the rest of the country and attach it to the Reich. The Swiss don't like it. In recent months the audiences in Zurich motion-picture theaters have had to be requested not to hiss the picture of Hitler when it appears on the screen.

It's a delicate problem for the Swiss government. A country of 4,000,000 must be wary in its treatment of a resident alien population belonging to a country of 60,000,000, a belligerent country whose bombing squadrons are only a few minutes' flight away.

Once they seemed to be perilously close to war. German agitation centered in one Gustloff, a German citizen living in Davos, generally supposed to be Hitler's personal representative in Switzerland. In his speeches and in his actions he seemed bent on provoking the Swiss police to action. The Nazis across the frontier were watching the situation.

One day a young man knocked at Gustloff's door. He was a Jew, a refugee from Germany. Not knowing that, Frau Gustloff admitted him to the room where her husband was sitting. A few seconds later there was a revolver shot, and Gustloff was dead.

Pandemonium broke out in the German press. Threats were made. In every European capital men wondered whether the spark had been struck that would touch off another war.

The Swiss unhurriedly arrested the murderer, convicted him by due process of law — to imprisonment, since in that canton there was no capital punishment. Soon the excitement in Germany died down.

The alien in Switzerland has, in most respects, as much freedom as the Swiss — freedom of movement, of opinion, of engaging in business. But he is no longer permitted freedom of political agitation. No alien is allowed to address a political gathering. The Swiss have made it clear that they do not relish suggestions for change that come from outside.

There is another threat in the air. Ever since 1914, military strategists have discussed the possibility that Germany might attack France through Switzerland. The French general staff has recently decided to fortify France's Swiss frontier against an encircling threat that would outflank the Maginot line.

One might think that the possibility would not be regarded by Switzerland as a major catastrophe. Only the extreme northwest corner would be affected — a little wedge of territory perhaps twenty miles across. There'd be small chance of the Germans overrunning the rest of the country.

Take our Italian-speaking farmer in the far-off Ticino. You'd suppose that he would regard the violation of those twenty miles without deep concern. On the contrary, he has already submitted willingly to his share of a loan equivalent to $80,000,000 to fortify and prepare against such an attack. And past history shows that, if there were need, he would march and give his life to defend those twenty miles — land that he never saw, inhabited by men speaking another language.

The Swiss have reorganized and re-equipped their army. From a 4,000,000 population they are now prepared to put 250,000 men in the field within 3 days. They have strengthened the fortification of their German frontier at the threatened spot by an elaborate system including modern pillbox forts. Every able-bodied Swiss is a trained soldier. The farmer whose land lies within the threatened 20 miles is trained, if the need arises, to man the pillboxes on his own land.

The keynote of Swiss patriotism is defense. They want nobody else's land. They wouldn't take it as a gift. Immediately after the war, when the Vorarlberg, the Austrian province nearest to Switzerland, made overtures preparatory to joining the Swiss Federation, the offer was firmly declined. But to defend their own territory the Swiss would fight to the last dollar and the last man.

And so the Swiss stand united, as they have for 700 years. They stand today in the midst of a troubled world that staggers insanely toward war. They hear around them the demands of the dictator-ruled nations: "Give us land, colonies, raw materials — or we will take them." They answer, by their example: "Those are not the primary necessities. It is not aggression that makes prosperity but co-operation, within and without."

Above all, the Swiss are an answer to the pessimists who say that democracy won't work.

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A World for Men

The Plight of the Professor's Wife

by **NORAH CLANCY**

MASCULINE European visitors often remark that our Western civilization is dominated by women. They are not far wrong about our big business centers, on which, as a rule, their conclusions are based. In New York, in Pittsburgh, in Philadelphia and Chicago, husbands relax after the struggle of the market place, content to leave the steering to their wives. Where to spend vacations, whether to live in the country or in town, whether the children shall be educated in public or private schools are matters which American businessmen let their women decide. The usual run of conversation that foreign visitors hear centers about the theater and the current novels, about furs and fabrics, about house furnishings or food fads: commodities that men make to sell to women. At night, when the businessmen are weary, there is a gigolo or a "tame robin," a real or a borderline lover ready to take the American Wife out to play. The girls have quite a lot of fun.

But European visitors who penetrate our academic communities see a different society, a society which in many ways resembles their own. In this more rarefied atmosphere of ideas, women take second place, whether they are faculty wives or feminine professors. This is a man's world. Not so long ago, when professors immured themselves in tall towers, there was truth in the maxim that "there are three sexes, men, women, and college professors." But in a modern university, with golf, tennis, and swimming pools handy, with the fight for academic freedom never quite won, professors have every chance to put their own particular conception of the good life into effect, and it is as manly a one as ever the ancients enjoyed.

It is true that teachers of either sex are attracted by intelligence. The men marry smart, forward-looking girls, and vice versa. Often they marry girls who have themselves launched on teaching careers. To be old-fashioned wives is the last thing these young women have in mind when they enter the academic world, but they find it is the best that that world has to offer them.

Women who marry into academic circles give up teaching. Academic freedom was never meant for wives. To be sure, the universities offer women any number of degrees. If they have first-class minds, bodies stronger than average, and the emotional imperative to keep at it, they may add a variety of alphabetical letters to their names. But what about the jobs that are supposed to follow the degrees? When it comes to jobs the women run second to the men every time, and, regardless of comparative ability, it is a slow second. If there is one job the man gets it. If there are a greater and a lesser job, the man gets the greater, the woman the lesser; for him the professorship, for her the assistantship. When occasionally a woman reaches the top rank, it is generally to receive a lower salary than would a man in a similar position.

"Women don't stick," say the administrators. "They run off and get married. Statistics show it."

What the statistics do not show is that in most educational institutions, in grade schools as well as colleges, pressure is brought on married women to resign. In State institutions there is a law, written or unwritten, which prevents the wives of faculty members from being paid out of the same budget.

There are few bachelor professors. The men realize that nobody needs a normal sex and

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home life more than those who teach the young. We women know it too, but it is a fact that regents and administrators seldom take into account. A woman can marry *or* teach, not both. Moreover, she cannot experiment. She must either give up her man or abandon her job for the chores and restrictions that form so large a part of the faculty wife's life. There are exceptions, of course; but, with an acquaintanceship in three universities, I can call to mind only a handful, and of this handful the majority teach in secondary schools or in colleges other than their husbands'.

There is the example of a friend of mine who took her Ph.D. in anthropology. Before her marriage she was earning $2,500 a year. She sacrificed her job to marry a fellow instructor. The grind of getting along with two children on little more than what she had earned alone has been too much for her. Too nervous to sleep or to concentrate, she sought out an old doctor in the university town. After a thorough physical examination he shook his head. "There's nothing organically wrong; you're just a faculty wife," was his diagnosis. Being a faculty wife landed *her* in a sanitarium.

That's where some of the most brilliant end. On the other hand, for those who can weather the first strenuous years of a faculty wife's life, there is a chance for middle-aged contentment which few women in the business world know.

It's the Wife Who Pays

The question is how many of us can hold out through the strenuous years. Moving and the threat of moving wear us down. When a professor moves, he moves to better himself by a more stimulating locale, a higher salary, seniority, and so on. When he paddles off to a new pool it is understood that new honors are to be his. For us wives it is just another beginning. Our husbands can be independent of and indifferent to the town in which they live. The life of cap and gown satisfies them. But, while it is possible for them to side-step the loud-speakers and siren horns, the violence of modern cities (many have to keep their peace of mind), someone in the family must bear the brunt of them. Someone has to track down a cheap reliable butcher and grocer, a laundry that will be tender with the professor's shirts, a barber who will cut his hair.

There is no secretary to ease him into new obligations. His wife must cushion the new environment, not only for her husband but for their children. Professors overflow with educational theories for their offspring, but they expect their wives to apply them. We soon learn that, without firm supervision and some kind of continuity, faculty children grow into the sort of citizens who stop up the sink, plug up the plumbing, fight with the neighbors, and move to another rented house.

If you will pardon a little autobiography, I shall trace for you a faculty wife's pilgrimage that is in no way unusual. We have been married nine years and moved seven times. While my husband was getting his Ph.D. and until our first baby came, we lived with his family. The next winter we were fortunate in being loaned a house for three months, while the owners were South. The following summer my husband obtained a tutoring job in a Maine resort. Budge was six months old, so I decided to go too. My husband had been asked particu-

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larly to bring evening clothes. I was naïve enough to do the same. I dressed up exactly once and on that occasion I spent the evening sitting against the wall, except when my husband found time, between the dances which his employers had mapped out for him, to waltz with me. I resented the dollar I had wasted in hiring a girl to watch over our son that night.

In the autumn my husband obtained his first real job, an assistantship paying $80 a month in a small State university. We stayed there five years at the same salary. The depression and a daughter caught up with us the same year. An Eastern college offered my husband $30 a month more. It meant working up two new courses, but we could not afford to refuse.

Budge walled himself up behind his bed, inside a barricade of blocks, when moving day came. I wanted to shut myself in beside him. Instead I called the van. My husband helped all he could, but when a sincere teacher gives a course — especially when he starts a new course — he gives the best of himself with it. When he moves to a new university he has to keep particularly fit. Whether he is well or ill he has to meet his classes. While my husband prepared his work for the coming semester I went ahead, found a flat in a neighborhood where the public school was said to be good, and moved us.

Tricks of the Trade

How gladly I could have crawled into bed with our babies at seven o'clock that winter. But entertaining is a serious part of faculty life. Tenure and seniority do not depend solely on merit. The place the professor's family takes in the faculty group is also a determining factor. Here again it is the woman who greases the social wheels. She finds out who goes with who and what invitations you don't refuse no matter how you feel, and when the return entertaining *has* to begin. She struggles to produce adequate and inexpensive meals for these functions. And right here is where her share in them ceases.

In the business world, whether her budget be big or small, the woman who plans the dinners also takes a major part in the evening's entertainment, whether it is talk, bridge, or dancing. Before a party she scans the newspapers and shines up her anecdotes. She is the star about whom the evening revolves. But in academic circles the after-dinner entertainment is more cerebral. Even the anecdotes had better be documented. Unless a faculty wife is unusually up-to-date, she does not express a dissenting opinion. She soon learns that the less she talks, the less she will be contradicted. The professor, on the other hand, spends the best part of his day in an argument. He likes, also, to keep up the tone of his mental muscles by a little practice after hours, and woe betide the amateur who thinks she can take him on!

There is one good rule for a faculty wife at a party to follow: Turn the gentleman on your left loose on his field. You thereby ensure two things: (a) that he will enjoy himself; (b) that you will be free either to listen or, when he grows deadly, as of course many do, to let your mind wander, wondering whether so-and-so bought her dress or whether it is a hand-me-down, how much she spent on the party, and so on — all behind a mask of eager attention, of course.

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As I see it there are two kinds of faculty women. There is the plain, pinched variety, of brilliant or average intelligence. These women may be married or still teaching, but if they look slumped and faded they are socially of little account. They may get a chance to throw in a word or two for some masculine expert to pick to pieces, but that is about all. The other, luckier, variety comprises the women with more than average energy, backed up as a rule by a little hard cash of their own. They are able to buy some leisure. They have enough imagination left to do something about their hair and their clothes.

When the faculty wife has classified the other women at the party, the next step is to find out what kind of a party it is. Most university parties are "department" parties. It is easy to plan a few leading questions. The successful role for a faculty wife at a party, i.e., the role in which she will give and receive the greatest pleasure, is similar to that of the Southern woman of an earlier day, who knew how to draw the men out and help them display themselves to the best advantage. Only one pose is necessary: Bend the neck, prick the ears to respectful attention, and look as well as you can. Professors are perfectionists. They love and need beauty. Ironically, it was a woman with a mind who first attracted them. Now a lovely listener will suffice.

A Limited Field

Since entertaining in faculty circles is more of a responsibility than a recreation, where can a faculty woman turn for refreshment? Sport is expensive and takes more physical energy than she can command after the housework is out of the way. There is no money to skip out of town on. The obvious answer is, let her turn to religion. Left alone, I believe many a faculty wife would do just this. It is what the lonely woman usually does. But professor husbands are less reasonable and more opinionated on the religious question than on any other.

I have heard them declaim their irreligious convictions so often that I know their point of view by heart. The professors say that what they can't stand about the church is the ironclad dogma it hands down. Ministers claim to have a corner on the eternal truths. Ministers would show better sense if they would take a leaf from our book (say the professors) and be content to implement man in his never ceasing search for a reliable guide to life, instead of preaching a revealed religion, much of which is founded on a pagan mythology.

Personally I think it would do the professors good to go to church once in a while. They need to listen sometimes, if only to find out what it is like to be lectured. Many a faculty wife agrees with me. But we try in vain to coax our husbands into the Lord's house. We point out to them that bond salesmen and bankers are vestrymen and passers of collection plates. The professors reply wickedly that businessmen go to church to give their customers confidence in them. Professors have no ulterior motive for being religious, and so they just aren't. Generally faculty women do not keep up their early church affiliations. Professorial scorn is too hard to bear.

While the professor's wife is casting about for some economical way to renew and stimulate herself, the opposite is true of her husband. What he needs is a chance to relax. His life is, if anything, too stimulating. His students keep him in touch with today. He meets other professors at the faculty club, and, if he needs light love affairs to keep him in shape, a coeducational institution will furnish them. Ardent undergraduates listen to him adoringly. There are always some with whom after-class "conferences" may be whatever he chooses to make them.

There remain the out-of-town conventions, where academicians meet with the experts in their line, usually during Christmas and Easter holidays. It is essential for the professor to get away from his desk occasionally, if only to replenish the fund of knowledge which is his one bag of tricks. Moreover, conventions are often a lark. Deans and presidents do not attend. Professors shed their professorial manner when they leave the campus. They no longer need to be an example to either their children or their students. With a semester of unremitting, if congenial, work behind them and another ahead, they mean to make the most of a holiday. If speeches are dry, they slip out to wander about the city. If it is the front row of a burlesque that lures or old jade in a museum showcase or a sunny beach, they know where to find them.

Professors are loyal husbands, according to

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their lights. They invite their wives to take advantage of cheap rates offered by hotels and railroads and come along on their jaunts. But these conventions occur during college vacations when the offspring also are vacationing. Once in a while a hardy grandparent offers to take the children, and so the wife accepts her husband's invitation. But she cannot lose her identity as easily as he can. Her clothes betray her; so does the wistful pucker of her lips as she stands uncertainly in the corridors of the hotel where the convention has its headquarters. Now she is here, what shall she do with herself? After she has window-shopped and inspected the museums, the only economical diversion that offers itself is to hear her husband deliver his paper — which he has undoubtedly read aloud at home, which she has probably typed for him, but whose technical details probably still evade her. Most of us ship our husbands off alone to conventions.

Compensations

But after a while, when advancing years reduce our egos to middle-aged proportions, when through the years' changes we have marked the vicissitudes of the business world — the bankers and bond salesmen who jump out of high windows, the relative frequency of divorce, the beached wives with plenty of cash but little more to do with it than keep up appearances — the compensations of the academic life are borne home to us. Faculty women, as well as professors, really belong to a larger community than their small particular circle, as the word *university* implies. The antennae of students, extension courses, textbooks and journals reach from one institution to another, through the State and across the nation. Students come to our husbands for advice (sometimes they even act on it). Through those same students we have a welcome chance to keep in touch with each arriving generation.

It is true that in academic communities a woman takes second place. Like the woman of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, she is, officially at least, the lesser man. He is the sun; she shines with the moon's reflected glory. But it is a steadier, more reliable light than that of the glittering dollars that illumine many a girl friend of the business world.

After the first difficult years of keeping up appearances and making both ends meet, while we are getting the children (not to mention the child husband) on their feet, we have few regrets. If we can hang on until our children begin to show what they are, we have our reward. Faculty family summers are good. A house by the sea or a ranch in the mountains is out of the question, but plenty of picnics, a borrowed trailer, a camping trip have a satisfaction that only making your own vacations can bring. If we can take the long view and wait for the rewards that come after 40, we shall not be unlucky.

Meanwhile our job, no matter what our preliminary education has been, is to keep the clothes mended and edible food on the table and the hearth fire kindled — when we can afford wood. And at faculty parties, as we listen to our husbands airing and amplifying the theories we have heard so often, we can comfort ourselves with the thought that insurance companies consider them the best risk of all professional men and the companion thought that, though their theories may be no sounder than those the businessmen propound, they are longer-lived.

We watch our sons and daughters growing up with limber, well-cultivated minds. We see our sons less vulnerable, more open to ideas than the sons of business people, partly because they expect less on the material plane. But we tell our daughters that, unless they can adapt themselves primarily to a life that is made for men, they had best not choose the academic world.

Next month:

"I'm Not Sending My Son to College"

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Scandinavia In America

by **BERTRAM B. FOWLER**

TAKE A MAP of North America and locate the maritime provinces of Canada: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Move your gaze farther north and east and you find Newfoundland, that island that juts out into the North Atlantic. Geographically, this section of the continent is to North America what the group of Scandinavian countries is to Europe.

If not in language, then in nature, environment, and outlook, the people of the two sections are strikingly alike. Their natural resources are similar, all having farm lands of the same general variation of richness. They are all also endowed with fisheries, forests, and mineral deposits. True, neither Newfoundland nor any of these provinces has developed anything to compare to Sweden's industrial setup. In none of them have fisheries, agriculture, or forests been exploited to the same extent that they have been in the Scandinavian countries.

Socially, economically, and culturally the Scandinavia of the new world has lagged behind that of the old. But the parallel is strikingly apparent to the student who wishes to study the countries and their people. Within the last few years there have been going forward in this section of North America certain experiments in social and economic reform that make the parallel even more apparent. For, as the rugged, liberty-loving Scandinavians have mapped out their own independent pattern of national reform and pushed it ahead in a manner to win the attention of the world, so the people of the maritime provinces have been awakening to put forth their conception of a reform movement. They are laying their plans and working out a technique of action that by its depth of understanding, soundness of planning, and courage of application is attracting more and more attention from their neighbors to the south.

The movement was born in Nova Scotia. It came into being in the dark years of the 'twenties. Nova Scotia, cut off by tariff barriers from the markets of the United States, aloof geographically from the big markets of Montreal, Toronto, and the West, had been sliding downhill for years. Agriculture was in the doldrums. The fishing villages, particularly those along the eastern shore, were in the last stages of disintegration. Poverty there was chronic and appalling. In Cape Breton the lot of the miners was but little better. They had fought their bitter labor wars and won some advances but were, on the whole, sullen, rebellious, openly resentful of the social and political order under which they lived. Revolt smoldered in the mining towns, flaring up in brief outbreaks under the prodding of leftist agitators.

It was at this time that St. Francis Xavier University, a small Catholic institution in the little town of Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, began a serious study of conditions in the province. It was found that the college, like most institutions of higher education, was functioning to educate the favored few who could afford to attend classes. It was found furthermore that these few invariably left the province, on the completion of their education, to seek opportunity in the United States or the Canadian West. Nova Scotia was losing the best of its youth as this youth drifted west and south to swell the already congested cities. The leaders of St. Francis Xavier University found, as one of them put it bluntly, that they were "educating young men and women for the breadlines."

In practically every district the parish priests were struggling with the hideous results of an economic and social decline that had been going on for decades and was recorded in terms of destroyed morale and vanished self-respect. From these priests came suggestions of what might be done to salvage some human values from the wreckage.

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The men of St. Francis Xavier listened to these suggestions and, after much study and thought, announced a program of extension work. But it was not, they declared, to be the usual and orthodox kind of extension work — evening and correspondence classes in elementary English and similar academic studies. This program was to be one of adult education for action. Education was to be shaped to equip the people to do something for themselves. Social and economic action was to be the end and aim of all the educative work the University planned.

The Story of Little Dover

Consider the plight of eastern Nova Scotia when the St. Francis Xavier campaign of education for action got under way in 1928. Outside dealers from the United States and Montreal bought the catch of the fishermen through local dealers who, as agents, had sunk the communities into something approaching economic servitude. While the Maine fisherman was getting 20 to 25 cents a pound for lobsters, the Nova Scotian was getting 7 or 8; and, remember, there is no duty levied on lobsters coming into the United States. Other sea foods were handled in the same manner. And the fisherman was paid these prices not in cash but usually in trade. He took supplies, fishing gear, all the necessities of life in exchange, but they were charged to him at hideously high prices set by the merchants.

In village after village, children could not attend school for lack of clothes to cover their nakedness. Fishermen and their families were ill clad, poorly fed, their homes little better than shacks. In the farming districts conditions were seldom better.

Little Dover, situated on the lip of the bleak Atlantic, was typical of the string of villages along the coast. There was no road into the village because no one owned a horse, much less an automobile. There were neither cattle nor goats in the village, therefore no milk for the children. The people of Little Dover were lethargic from years of despair.

Into Little Dover and communities like it came the men of St. Francis Xavier with their program of adult education. But it was difficult to get the discouraged men and women to meet in the evenings to study. They wanted food and clothes. To them education was something cold and comfortless and unhelpful.

But these real leaders of the people knew what they were doing. The parish priests were enlisted in the war on poverty and ignorance. Mass meetings were held, and the people began to rouse themselves. The co-operative technique was taught to them as a method whereby they might remake their own communities.

The credit union, which in the United States was merely a small loan service to the little man, was here raised to new dimensions. In Nova Scotia it was presented to the people as the foundation for a new banking system. Through credit unions these people were shown how to pool the finances of the community and underwrite their own ventures.

All over eastern Nova Scotia these study groups began to function. They were started simultaneously in fishing villages, farming communities, and mining towns. Each community was shown how to diagnose its own particular problem. Then these simple men and women, poverty-stricken, many of them illiterate, began their efforts in what has come to be considered one of the most important movements yet to appear on our continent. From the early collections of the nickels and dimes made in the study clubs the movement has grown until it has remade a section of the province.

The story of Little Dover is the story of the other communities. The first winter, the men went into the woods and cut lumber for a lobster-canning factory. They hauled it out by hand and donated the labor required to erect the tiny plant. St. Francis Xavier University assisted them in getting a loan with which to buy and install canning machinery. The first year of operation paid off this loan and brought $5,000 extra to the community.

The men of Little Dover built their own road to connect them with the outside world. Co-operatively they bought a flock of goats to ensure a milk supply. Co-operatively they built new fishing boats, bought nets and gear. They began the shipment of live lobsters direct to Boston. They opened their own store. Today Little Dover is a prosperous, self-respecting, and self-reliant community, linked with a whole series of other such communities.

Looking Ahead

Today, after a few years of education and action, the old system of unsound credit

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and economic feudalism has been wiped out. Communities are on a cash basis for the first time in decades. But the real importance of the whole movement lies in the new spirit that is abroad in Nova Scotia. These men and women are looking ahead to bigger and more ambitious things, now that they have begun to know their own strength and intelligence. This year they are setting up their first wholesale co-operative. Handicrafts and community enterprises have been soundly and intelligently established. The hand loom in the farm home in Nova Scotia means higher return on wool which was formerly sold to a dealer for shipment to congested textile centers.

The first sawmill came to Larry's River, where there had never been anything better than a one-room school. The people of the community founded a co-operative sawmill and cut the price of lumber from $37 to $7 a thousand feet. They gave their labor and built a 4-department schoolhouse, a building that today is looked on as a monument to the whole co-operative movement in Nova Scotia. With the sawmill in operation the standard of individual homes has risen steadily.

Drawings by Charles Hatcher

Charles Hatcher is a 21-year-old Canadian, whose birthplace was Halifax and whose adopted home is Newfoundland. He has been drawing and painting most of his life but has had little or no formal instruction in the art. At present his overwhelming ambition is to achieve pictorially the spirit of the north country, and for this purpose he abandoned color and reverted to black-and-white representation. His pictures have not been well received in Newfoundland. Mr. Hatcher writes: . . . "I could not seem to make the people feel what I felt. . . . I did not care overmuch and just couldn't agree with the pretty-pretty methods used by Newfoundlanders in portraying their own scenery. I tried to show in my pictures the bleakness and the coldness of our native rocks, and the almost human way in which land and sea seemed to combine to fight off the feeble advance of civilization."

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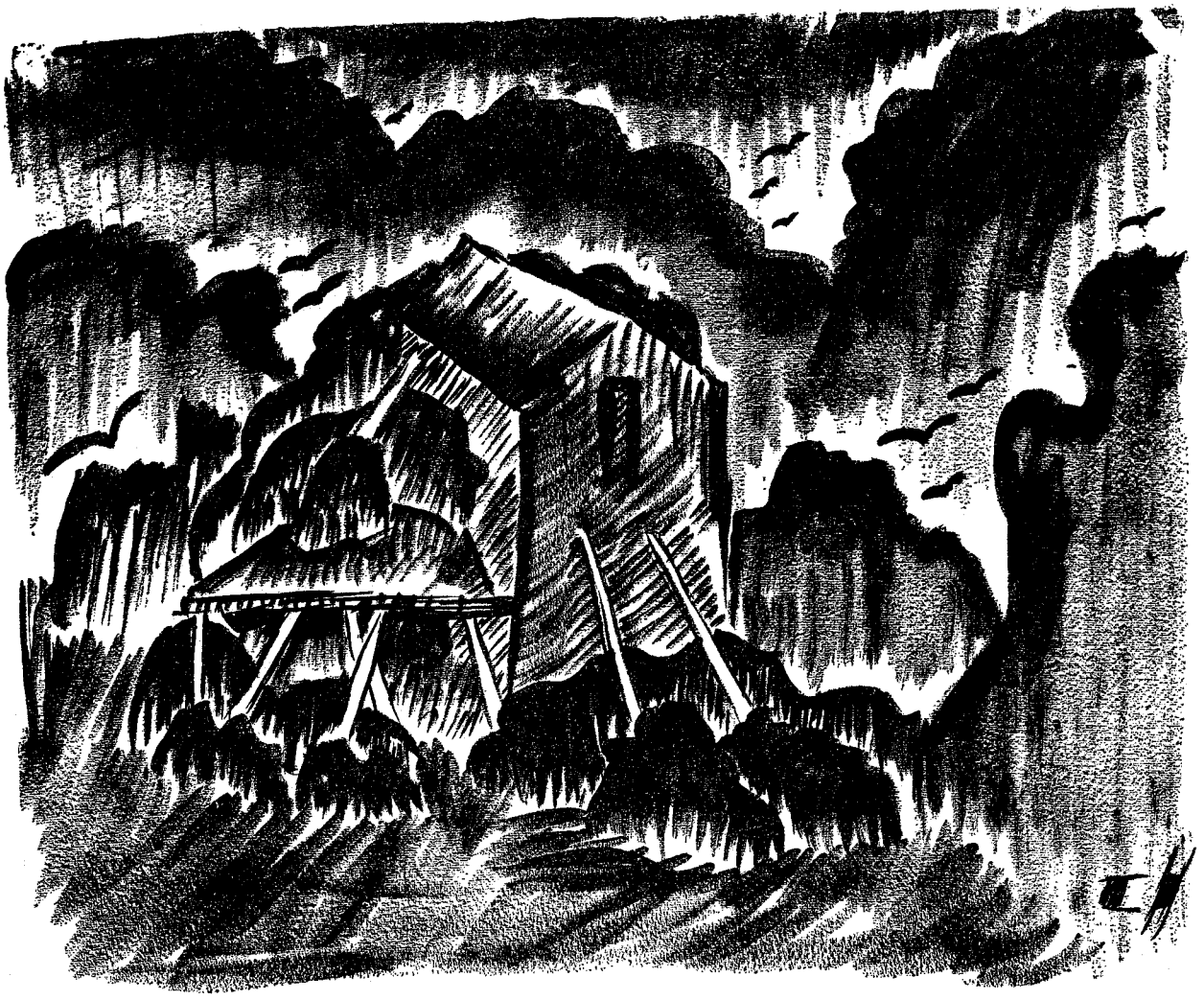

The fishermen, miners, and farmers of eastern Nova Scotia, once weighted down with despair, now speak with a new voice of confidence. Having passed through the stage of mere store and factory building, they are facing and studying more complicated social and economic problems. They have already taken steps to work out a system of co-operative medicine and hospitalization. They are thinking in new terms of political management and social planning.

These people have done something that no other co-operative group has done before in America. They have chosen co-operation as the means to an end rather than an end in itself. All the things that they have done are regarded as merely the first steps toward an ordered society, toward a better and more equitable distribution of ownership and control of the real wealth of the country. Nova Scotia is using co-operation as a tool of democracy.

The idea is spreading. Groups in New Brunswick have adopted the St. Francis Xavier University technique and are traveling the same path. Prince Edward Island, smallest of Canada's provinces, has an adult education league through which study clubs have been set up from one end of the island to the other. The credit unions and stores, first steps in the program, are already appearing.

New Life in Newfoundland

To the north of the maritime provinces lies Newfoundland. The fishing industry has been the mainstay of this island throughout its long and tragic economic history. Here, even more than in neighboring Canada, economic feudalism held sway. Fishermen, farmers, and lumbermen were in the grip of a vicious system of credit and barter. The fish merchants, ruthlessly exercising their absolute control of the industry, reaped fortunes, while the fishermen lost ground steadily. The timber rights, mineral rights, everything of real economic value on the island was handed over to predatory exploitive companies.

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This self-governing, independent dominion had long been in the grip of political leaders who ruled by demagoguery while they handed over the real wealth of the island to exploiters. These politicians worked the final ruin of the economic structure of the country in the years following the war. With falling fish prices and vanishing markets, the people were in a desperate situation. The politicians, being politicians, took the line of least resistance. The credit of the island was good, so they organized a program of spending to counteract the depression.

After twelve years of erratic and misguided execution of this policy, the financial structure of the island collapsed. Bankruptcy brought with it black despair and riots. Following a period of intense suffering, Newfoundland was put under the guidance of a royal commission of government. The people lost the right to vote and bowed to government by a board of receivers.

It was at this time that England, facing the colossal task of recreating some sort of economic and social order in Newfoundland, took notice of what was happening in Nova Scotia. Having observed, England went to St. Francis Xavier for expert advice.

The University sent a man to examine the situation in Newfoundland and to outline a program of action. The result was the Co-operative Division of the Department of Rural Reconstruction. From Nova Scotia came experienced field workers.

Following the St. Francis Xavier pattern, study clubs have been set up in several sections of the island. Field workers organize the groups and show them how to take the first steps in community rebuilding: the setting up of credit unions and small co-operative enterprises.

The infant credit unions, while not spectacular in their accomplishments, are of dramatic interest. Impoverished farmers and fishermen are making tremendous sacrifices to pool community funds. The few hundred dollars collected in village after village represent the first money ever thus co-operatively owned in Newfoundland. For the first time these communities have something to live for.

Lobster fishermen up until last year received four or five cents a pound for their catch. Last year, with the price up to seven cents, one group made up a trial shipment direct to Boston. Because it was a small shipment, these fishermen had to send it the most costly way. Yet, when all charges had been paid, their return was fifteen cents a pound. That shipment of lobsters now looms as something approaching a miracle in the minds of those fishermen. Next year a large percentage of the lobster catch will be marketed co-operatively.

Plans are being laid in the Newfoundland study club groups for all types of co-operatives. Members want their own stores to replace those of the merchants who have consistently exploited them. They are planning their own home industries, marketing agencies, agricultural agencies. They have something to work for.

Throughout this whole northern area one fact is inescapably clear. There is a new spirit in the land, a spirit of self-reliant faith and hope in a future which the people themselves are shaping. These people, who yesterday were dumbly submitting to chronic poverty, are now declaring that tomorrow belongs to them. And a part of their plans for tomorrow has to do with a new type of politician who shall arise from the study club to take the real leadership of an awakened and intelligent people.

The more one examines the situation in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the more apparent becomes the parallel between this section and the Scandinavian region. Adult education has been a basic factor in the development of both. The extension department at St. Francis Xavier University and the summer classes held in St. John's are direct offshoots of the Danish folk school system. The study clubs in scattered communities are parallels of the Swedish discussion circles. Thus these American groups have lifted the best in adult education from those two countries.

As a result, consumer co-operation in this northern section of North America is something finer and of infinitely greater importance than it is in almost any other section of the continent. It will, I predict, play an increasingly important part in co-operative development in a continental sense.

When Americans generally awaken to what is happening in the North, they will, in increasing numbers, study the example. When they study, they will see the fundamental soundness of this economic and social renaissance. America's Scandinavia has lagged badly in the past. But it is now definitely on its way.

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Relief and the Church

by **LAWRENCE LUCEY**

ONE HUNDRED five years ago this May Frederick Ozanam, then a twenty-year-old law student in Paris, was stung by a challenge hurled at him while he was talking in a debating club. Ozanam had combed the pages of history in his talk to show how the Catholic Church had molded, influenced, and nurtured civilization during the 1,800 years since Christ had walked the earth. While Ozanam was touching the intellectual heights — and he was brilliant even at the age of twenty — he was interrupted.

"Ozanam," shouted the heckler, "you are right when you speak of the past; in past centuries Christianity has done wonders. But what is it doing for mankind now? And you too, who pride yourself so much on being a Catholic, what are you doing for the poor? Where are those tangible results which alone will teach us the practical value of your faith? We await them, for it is through *them* that we shall be converted."

It took days for these words to sink deep into the mind of Ozanam. Words or syllogisms or history or apologetics would not answer this heckler. He wanted action. He wanted Catholic action.

"Let us go to the poor," said Ozanam. "It would be better if we Catholic young men, instead of wasting breath on these vapid discussions, were to form a society of our own and concentrate our energies on relieving the troubles of the poor."

Ozanam's reply to the taunt of the heckler led to the first meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul society. Ozanam and his companions went to the hovels of the poor, visited the sick and dying in the hospitals, consoled the prisoners in their cells; they organized a Catholic relief agency.

Twelve years later the seed of this Catholic laymen's organization jumped the Atlantic and took root in St. Louis. "We the undersigned," read the original American papers signed by twelve Catholic laymen, "desire to form ourselves into a society of St. Vincent de Paul in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri."

II

TO FIND OUT what these men meant by a St. Vincent de Paul society let us take a tour with Dan Mackey and Frank Brabson, the president and secretary of my parish unit of the Society in Brooklyn, New York, and see how this organization functions and what it is doing today.

After he has returned home from his day at the office and finished dinner with his wife and children and while he is sitting back in his favorite chair to peruse the pages of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the phone in Dan Mackey's house will ring. It will be the pastor of St. Brendan's Church or one of his assistants. A pitiful appeal for relief has been made to them today, and would Mr. Mackey please investigate it and see what the Vincent de Paul society can do? Dan then phones the secretary of the parish unit, Frank Brabson, and the two of them drive to the needy family's home.

George Williams, a negro; his wife; and seven children are huddled together in their dingy home when Mackey and Brabson arrive. Paper and plaster are peeling from the walls of the living room. Stuffing from the seat of the Morris chair is hanging down to the floor. Springs stick out at the sides. A kerosene stove in the center of the room exudes choking fumes. There is no coal to start a furnace fire with.

The seven little colored children, ranging in age from two to twelve, are dressed in ragged clothing. Another child is expected shortly, and Williams and his wife are worried about it. Bills are piling up. Mortgage interest and taxes are far in arrears. Foreclosure is imminent. There is not enough food to fill seven hungry, growing children's stomachs and still permit

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George and his wife to eat their daily bread. Many nights this husband and wife have gone to bed after a dinner of unbuttered bread and water.

George has known better days. Prior to the depression he worked as a pharmacist. In his youth he had studied pharmacy and obtained his degree. He was employed in a neighborhood drugstore and received good wages. He had bought his own home, and he and his family were comfortable. But the depression took George's job and forced him to apply for home relief.

He is now working as a teacher of dramatic art with the WPA. He is paid a wage of $23 per week. This is his only income. Try as he will, he cannot feed nine mouths, pay interest and taxes on his home, buy coal and gas and electricity, clothe his family, and meet the other expenses of living on this wage.

It does not take Mackey and Brabson long to decide that this is a case requiring the immediate attention of the Society. George is slipped a $5 bill along with a pat on the back when his friendly visitors are leaving. The next day a ton of coal is deposited in George's bin. A few mornings later two quarts of milk are at his back door. And a bundle of clothes arrives for youngsters and parents.

It is over two years now since George first met the men from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. During these two years he has received two quarts of milk every morning from the City Welfare Bureau, which granted the Society's application. His bin has been filled for two winters with coal sent by the Society. At Thanksgiving and Christmas, baskets filled to overflowing with food arrive at George's home with the season's greetings from the Society. Throughout the year boxes of canned vegetables and soup and fruit are sent by the school children of the parish.

George's mortgage and tax bills have been turned over to the Catholic Lawyer's Guild of the diocese. They have discovered that George is now the owner of a tract of land in upper New York State that he inherited from his grandfather. This was a bonus paid to the grandfather for his services in the Civil War as a soldier in the Union army. The lawyers are trying to placate the tax and mortgage people, asking them to be patient a little longer and promising that when they find a buyer for this land they will see that George pays them. Meanwhile George and his family are holding on to their home.

III

SHORTLY AFTER these men began calling on George, it was learned that he was a Protestant. But the religious beliefs of the family have not slackened the interest of the Society in the least. If anything, they have made the Society more anxious to do a good job.

Any deserving family, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or irreligious, touches the heart of Dan Mackey. He also pays little attention to the parish boundaries when he finds people living outside his territory who are in need of help.

While I was chatting with Dan in his living room, the doorbell rang, and a young boy asked to speak with Mr. Mackey. He had been sent by the nuns of the parish. He wanted a size-fifteen shirt for his father. This puzzled Dan for a minute, but after scratching his head and wondering about shirt sizes he went up to his bedroom and came down with a shirt. Here is a man who really understands the meaning of relief. He is willing literally to give the shirt off his back.

On another night Dan and Frank Brabson were called to the home of Terence Smith. At first these disciples of St. Vincent thought that someone had been hoodwinked. Smith's home was as well furnished and as prosperous looking as any in this middle-class neighborhood. It was clean and orderly and tidy. The six Smith children, as well as Terence and his wife were well dressed, though their clothes showed some signs of wear.

Until the collapse of the building business Terence had been an asbestos worker. He had been paid the union wage of $11.40 per day. He had bought his home, in which he invested $6,000, assuming a mortgage for the remainder of the purchase price.

During his first year without work, Terence was able to keep a step ahead of the sheriff by drawing on his savings. Then relatives lent a hand. But after a year of idleness the savings were gone, and the relatives were hard pressed themselves. The Smiths' electricity was shut off. The mortgage holders were writing curt letters about the interest past due. Taxes were unpaid. Finally the grocery store would not ex-

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tend them further credit. Terence and his family still had the surface appearance of the prosperous, but they were destitute.

This happened five years ago. Mackey and Brabson have explained how they cut through the red tape involved in obtaining home relief for Terence. Then they told him not to worry about coal, that they would take care of it. They joked with Terence until a smile creased his grim lips. After shaking hands with the visitors to bid them good-night Terence found $3 in his palm.

Terence Smith soon received his first relief check. Then bundles of clothing came to his house, followed by boxes of canned food. His coalbin was never empty during the winter. He has since joined the WPA as an asbestos worker, but his wage is only $20 a week, not enough to support six children and two adults. For five years now the St. Vincent de Paul society has been sending coal and clothing and food to this home.

After their first few calls, the visitors assigned to Terence Smith (two of the sixteen workers in this parish conference) tactfully touched on the spiritual side of his life. They learned that his wife and children were practicing Catholics but that he was not. He had not been inside a church since his wedding day. After a little prodding, Terence agreed that the Church was interested in him. Yes, he had been looking at life from the wrong viewpoint. He certainly would go to Confession next Saturday night. For almost five years now, Terence has been at the altar rail of the eight-o'clock Sunday mass with the Holy Name Society when it receives monthly Communion in a body.

IV

All the pages of The Forum could be filled with the little dramas from life to which these Catholic laymen of St. Brendan's parish are devoting their energies. These men spend two or three nights each week at this work. They must see the proper State officials so that the kind old lady who has passed her sixty-fifth birthday may get a pension. They must find a room for the homeless man and pay his rent until he can get on relief. They must get the nuns to make baby clothes for the child who will be born next month. They must rush a doctor and a priest to one of their charges who is dying. They must get blue suits and white dresses for their boys and girls who are to be confirmed or make their first Communion.

This work of each parish conference is multiplied 2,500 times throughout the United States, for in 1936 there were 2,500 local conferences functioning in this nation.

Over 26,000 Catholic laymen visited, cared for, sympathized with, and encouraged the poor of their parishes. These unpaid social workers distributed over $3,300,000 to the poor in 1936. They procured 8,321 jobs for unemployed persons. They made it possible for 1,370 stranded individuals without funds to return to their home towns. They came in contact with over 400,000 people in their visits to the homes of the poverty-stricken. They called on each family an average of eight times during this year.

On the spiritual side — and a St. Vincent de Paul member, unlike the ordinary social worker, is interested in the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of his charges — their record is splendid. In this one year these men by their advice and example brought 6,263 "fallen away" Catholics back to the Church. They had 1,902 irregular marriages made valid. They arranged for 3,339 baptisms. They induced 8,538 children to attend a parochial school. They added 10,596 children to those attending Sunday school.

The colossal amount of work being done in the United States is only a drop in the bucket, for the St. Vincent de Paul society has members in nearly every nation on the globe. There are units in Europe, South America, Canada, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

The outstanding new development in the Brooklyn society during 1937 was the inauguration of a legal-aid bureau, organized on March 16, 1937, by the Catholic Lawyer's Guild. There are 9 volunteer attorneys on the staff of the bureau. In the first five and a half months of its life the bureau gave legal assistance to 32 people.

Every Friday night a committee of nine men, chosen from the various parishes in the Brooklyn diocese, visits the Raymond Street jail. These Vincentians go from cell to cell, chatting with the prisoners, giving them religious papers and reading matter, and trying to get them to think about life in the hereafter, in which they will share if they repent as did the thief on the cross whom Christ promised eternal salvation.

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For 70 years a committee from the Society has been visiting the largest public hospital in Brooklyn. Each Sunday these men go from ward to ward in the Kings County Hospital, talking to those inmates without visitors, trying to console the sick and disabled. Likewise the Cumberland Street Hospital is visited every Sunday by the St. Lucy's parish group.

At Commack, Long Island, the Society has a vacation camp to which boys and girls ranging in age from five to ten are sent each summer. The members of the parish units in Brooklyn and the adjoining Borough of Queens select children who are undernourished or anemic, so that their health may be improved by ten days in the open air. Last summer 1,782 boys and girls enjoyed a vacation at this camp without draining any funds from their meager family incomes.

There was in 1937 a total of 79 active parish units of the Society and a Knights of Columbus group functioning in Brooklyn. These 80 local organizations had 807 members with almost 7,000 families under their care. They helped 656 delinquent Catholics return to the faith. They induced 1,650 children to attend Sunday school. They rectified 190 irregular marriages. They placed 647 Catholic children in a parochial school.

All told these men distributed $263,663 to the poor of Brooklyn. Some of this money was in cash, while the remainder of it went to pay for groceries, fuel, clothing, rent, books and tuition, medical supplies, funeral expenses, miscellaneous relief. Only the comparatively small sum of $391 was used by these 80 units for their own expenses. During this year 375 jobs were obtained for the unemployed. Thousands of others were helped to obtain home relief, old-age pensions, free medical and hospital care, and free milk.

The next time someone suggests to you that the Church is not interested in the poor, the down-and-out, the underprivileged, the sick, the imprisoned, tell him the story of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In an early issue:
"Waste in Private Welfare Work,"
by a former social worker

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The Artist's Point of View

Two Extremes in Books on Art—Van Loon and Read

THE ARTS, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon & Schuster, $3.95).

I sat next to Mr. Van Loon at a dinner about a year ago, and in his jovial, likable way he confessed he was writing a book on art. I must have looked surprised.

"Of course, I don't know anything about art," he explained, "but"—

I can't swear he went on with "I know what I like," but he might have.

I've explored a borrowed copy of *The Arts*. Why have Van Loon's naturalistic fumblings in pen and ink been tolerated by publisher and public for so many years? Why is he now popular, to judge by the reviews and sales, as a writer on art? It was to test my well-established prejudice that I undertook exploration. The prejudice has survived the test.

Here is his statement of purpose:

> To increase understanding and appreciation of everything done in painting, sculpture, theatre and minor arts from the beginning of time *until the moment we come so close to them that we begin to lose our perspective.*

So, the key to his "appreciation" is discovered as easily as that. Perspective is important. Perspective allows measurement at a safe distance of time. Measurement, buttressed by the survival tests of time, is the means of appreciation. Experiencing living art means loss of perspective. Nonparticipation is safe. Thank you, Mr. Van Loon. I now know that your discourse on art will be confined to the realm of the extraneous: no dealing with the experience itself and its timeless and unmeasurable values.

I turned to the last chapter to see if he really would avoid all contemporary entanglements and so save his cherished perspective. I quote from the end of that chapter:

> . . . more interesting drawings on telephone pads and from inmates of lunatic asylums than in the museums which carefully preserve these spoils of our ash cans. . . . Time will take care of them. . . . Fifty years from now we shall know whether these mysterious products of our bewildered contemporaries were waste of time or whether I was just as foolish as those who first objected to Bach. And that, I feel, is all I ought to say on the subject of the art of the present moment. I have completely lost my bearings. . . .

You see, he confesses it. He is just as ignorant as his most ignorant reader. And the drawings! No child or adult could do worse. How comforting! How likable! Since he does not understand the art experience itself, no need to read the rest of the book. The popularity of Mr. Van Loon is explained.

ART AND SOCIETY, by Herbert Read (Macmillan, $4.00).

This book I have read from cover to cover. I shall read it again. In 275 pages Mr. Read has explained what Mr. Van Loon fails to explain in 658. He has analyzed the essential nature of the art experience and shown how it has worked out from the dawn of history to the present moment — of which he is not afraid.

Herbert Read is not a practitioner of the creative arts. He is an English editor, museum official, and college professor. Nevertheless, like our own Dewey, he understands the meaning, in terms of human experience, of creating from the chaos of life concrete expressions which are welded into an art form. He knows that aesthetic experience is a normal part of human equipment which withers and dies when it surrenders to intellectual, moral, or technical values — as has increasingly happened in recent centuries. He explains the art experience as a product of three departments of the human mind, each contributing certain qualities to it. He uses the psychoanalysis of Freud as a means to these conclusions.

Mr. Read thinks of the world's art not as a by-product of social development but as one of the original elements which go to form a society. It is a mode of knowledge.

On the solid base of apparent genuine understanding, Mr. Read, the scholar, extends the horizon of laymen and artists alike in the psychological and social whys and wherefores of contemporary and historical art.

His book should be read. Don't let the hard, white, glazed paper and the layout of space and type, which exemplify anything but the art he talks about, stop you from the reading. Normally we do not think to apply our art to life.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

But We're Not All Poets

***by* MARGARET LATHROP LAW**

We aren't all poets.

Obviously many of us (though I won't agree with Eliot Kaye Stone's "all") have sensitivity to poetry, occasional urges to express ourselves in rhyme, and awareness of these life rhythms which poetry in part captures. But between these potentialities and actually being a poet lies a long stony road best known to those who have walked it.

The hangover of a four-year-old craving for Mother Goose jingles no more makes you a poet than once trying to sprinkle salt on a robin's tail makes you an ornithologist. Desire for self-expression may take form in modeling at fashion shows, breaking golf records, organizing "campaigns," spanking children, or flying the Atlantic. A yen for rhythm may lead you no further than the center of the Big Apple. Poetry is something else again.

Thousands of women and hundreds of men think they'd have been poets if something hadn't intervened. As I step, rather spent, from the platform after reading my own poetry I am invariably ringed about by these "if onlys." They eagerly explain that, but for being more absorbed in diets or auction sales or winter cruises or good deeds or ten children, they'd have crashed through. Stirred by the mere listening to poetry, they confess, some shyly, some blatantly that they might have been — well — maybe not Dantes or Shakespeares but at least Millays and Benéts. Those who are too content with living to feel themselves thwarted poets mention a friend's niece's first cousin's child who had a poem in the school magazine.

Now all such people have or had possibilities. But what separates them from real poets? How does the poet disentangle himself from these vast numbers of flies, vaguely buzzing about poetry but dying without making any? Externalizing an ego to the extent of writing, publishing, and reading requires square-jawed determination. No matter how great your ability, how burning your message, people won't pay any attention to little chips of yourself called poems unless you gather your forces and go to work.

The poet must not only let those everlasting moonlights-dappling-sea clutch at his throat, he must not only stand on amethyst peaks choking over golden-arrowed sunsets but he must hurry home and do something about it.

A temperamental Russian friend once said to me: "Life hurts because I am *au fond* a poet. When I stood in that old Spanish garden, and the petals fell from the red rose, I knew that the gods had created me for poesy."

"But what did you do about it?" I blurted.

Nothing. Nothing but shut the garden gate on the moment's instinct and forget it till needed as a conversational stopgap.

Not so with the real poet. When most profoundly moved to indignation, admiration, awe, love, hate, fury, he bestirs himself to write. When lines begin ringing through his head, he gives up everything else.

But he must be cerebral. Today neither editors nor readers want foggy verse masking vague thinking, imagery that is all image and no gist. Passion and compassion, the sources of poetry, may sway the poet to rhythm, the instinctive language of man deeply moved, but will not teach him to scan his spontaneous lines. Being swayed to his dying day won't teach anyone how to tell an iamb from a trochee, a rondeau from a hokku unless he gets a textbook and studies.

Right here, those who might be poets and aren't are apt to give up. They begrudge the time. They don't see why poetry needs mathematical precision. They overflow in a few erroneously expressed lines which they alone label poetry. The study of metrics, which can possess the real poet like a drug habit, seems to the never-will-be's a burdensome task. They won't do the five-finger exercises but would like to start out being concert pianists. They refuse to see why free verse is really polyrhythmical and how it differs from blank verse. Assonance and stress confuse them. They quake over the mere words *tanka* and *triad*. Invariably they insist that what they want to say will be ruined by change of original form. The truth is that, unless you thrill to experimentation, unless you actually love to try your moods and thoughts in many patterns, you never reach perfection or even passing clarity. To write and rewrite, then tear up and begin again is to the real poet absolute delight. To whip one's idea into the best conceivable shape is a challenge. If and when you ever do achieve this you feel all the tingling exhaustion of a captain who's brought his ship to harbor after storm.

See page 11 for announcement of $1,000 prize poetry contest

SAPPHO REVIVAL

February 24, Henry Goddard Leach addressed the Poetry Society of America on Sappho, considered in the light of recent discoveries. These sustain her eminence as the greatest of all women poets. Mr. Leach presented a translation in English by Leonora Speyer of the latest Sappho find, a fragment of eighteen lines (of which only four were previously known) found on a piece of second-century B.C. pottery excavated in Egypt. The "Ode to the Apple Grove" may have been composed while Sappho was visiting Crete.

The Apple Grove

(translation by Leonora Speyer)

Enchanting is the apple grove,
The altars smoking on the height,
Along the shadowy leaves, the light,
The cool brook whispering hour on hour;
The smiling meadow is in flower. . . .
Come, Aphrodite, with thy crowns,
Lean to our golden cups and pour
The nectar mixed with love.

Enchanting is the apple grove,
And pure thy altar on the hill;
Under the budding oak the dill
Is sweet and sweet the rose. . . .
Come, thou,
To where we wait beneath the bough,
Lifting the bright cups higher. . . .
O swift,
O fair, draw near, pour gently now
The nectar mixed with love

Enchanting is the apple grove
Divine thy fires above.

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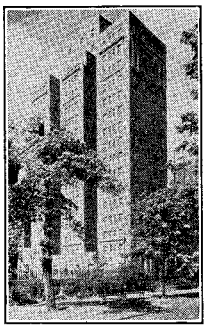

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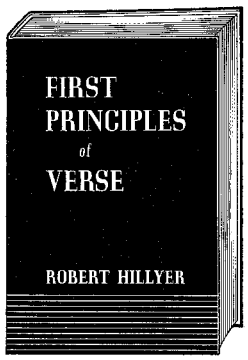
by Robert Hillyer



The publication of FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE makes available to verse writers, teachers and critics, the accumulated results of Robert Hillyer's years of writing and teaching poetry. It treats not only the fundamental elements of verse — diction, imagery, the music of words, the various kinds of metre, basic metrical forms, and the special ones like the sonnet, the ode, and French forms — but also the bases of criticism of verse.

Mr. Hillyer is the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University. In 1934 his *Collected Verse* won the Pulitzer Prize, and his new volume, *A Letter to Robert Frost and Others* (1937), won him fresh recognition as a poet of wit and technical expertness.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE gives information and practical guidance, and should appeal to everyone interested in poetry, the writing of it, the reviewing of it, or the study of its sources and publishing of poetry rather than the manufacture and selling of verse.

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TOASTS

CLINTON J. TAFT is director of the southern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

The ANONYMOUS author of "One Year to Live" is an Englishwoman who, after a successful business career in New York City, married an American and retired to private life in an Eastern State.

J. L. BROWN is a practicing attorney of Paterson, New Jersey, where he was born and has lived all his life. He is hard at work on a biography of the great lawyer William Blackstone.

JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR, a lawyer and war veteran, is called the most powerful lobbyist in Washington. He has been legislative counsel of the American Legion since its formation.

GERALD P. NYE began a business career at the age of twenty as a newspaper editor and publisher. Since 1925 he has represented North Dakota in the United States Senate, where he has been most conspicuous as coauthor of the neutrality act and chairman of the munitions-investigating committee.

WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT, a Kansan born in 1888, became a newspaperman, then a minister, and finally combined both vocations. At present he is with the *Chicago Daily News*.

FAITH G. WINTHROP is a college professor of English. Her article is the nucleus of a book, *I Know the Jews*, which is scheduled for publication next September.

ROBERT NATHAN recently published his thirteenth novel, *Winter in April*, and, in the interval before beginning work on another, is "trying to write a little poetry again."

EDWIN MULLER was born and brought up in Kentucky and, after attending Princeton, went into business for ten or twelve years. About four years ago he determined to try writing and has since published stories, articles, and one book.

NORAH CLANCY, besides raising her family, has occasionally added to the budget by working outside her home as well. Her professor-husband has taught philosophy on the Pacific and the Atlantic seaboards.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER, who has been writing articles for THE FORUM about co-operatives for several years, spent last summer in Nova Scotia, studying the progress of the co-operative movement there.

LAWRENCE LUCEY lives in Brooklyn, New York, where he practices law but admits that "my clients leave me large leisure." That hiatus he fills chiefly with writing and lecturing.

MARGARET LATHROP LAW is a South Carolinian who lives in Philadelphia when she is not traveling — for fun or to lecture or read her poetry.

LEONORA SPEYER, a Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry in 1926, has been teaching an "advanced poetry" class at Columbia.

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BACH: PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conducting, assisted by the Harvard University Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conducting, and Soloists (Victor M, AM 411, 412, 413; 3 vols., 27 records, $20.00, $15.00, $18.00).

BACH: ORGAN MUSIC. Preludes, fantasias, toccatas, fugues, and chorale-preludes played by Albert Schweitzer (Columbia sets 270, 310, 320; 3 vols., 21 records, $14.00 each).

BACH: SONATAS NOS. 5 AND 6 FOR FLUTE AND FIGURED BASS. Rene Le Roy, flute; Albert-Leveque, harpsichord; Lucien Kirsch, cello (Musicraft album 16; 4 records, $6.50).

WAGNER: EXCERPTS FROM "PARSIFAL." Leopold Stokowski & the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor M, AM 421; 4 records, $8.00).

BACH: CONCERTO IN C MAJOR FOR TWO PIANOS AND ORCHESTRA. Artur & Karl Ulrich Schnabel, pianos, & the London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, conducting (Victor M, AM 357; 3 records, $6.50).

IN the St. Matthew Passion we find some of Bach's most glorious music. Parts of it have been recorded previously, but this is the first full-length version of the work on discs. The recording was cut at an actual performance in Symphony Hall, Boston, on Good Friday of last year. It was to be expected that certain defects would result in the records, which were made under circumstances that made retaking impossible. These defects — principally in the form of poorly chosen cut-offs at the end of some surfaces, distortion of the balance between the voices and orchestra, extraneous hall noises, unevenness of the dynamic line, and some unfortunate singing from both chorus and soloists — are not serious enough in a consideration of the entire Passion to make Bach's music any less overwhelming.

For three and one half hours there is scarcely a dull minute. The music is always building up toward the intense dramatic climax. From the Conspiracy, through the Passover, the Last Supper, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, and the Death of Christ, to the Burial, there is a constant accumulation of emotions, which becomes all the more absorbing as the music progresses. Add to this the fact that there are portions of the recording which are technically excellent, and the importance of the recording begins to assume form.

Some of the solo singing is poor, and the enunciation on the whole is appalling. But at the same time there are passages like the contralto aria, "O Pardon Me, My God," which are paragons of beauty. As a unit the performance is spirited, and Bach's inspiring music comes through, even though it must be added in all fairness that Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation and the group singing are often ragged. For all its shortcomings, the Passion still stands out as one of the significant achievements in recorded literature and takes its place beside such exceptional endeavors as the foreign "Society" albums.

COLUMBIA'S contribution to the Bach heritage consists of the first three volumes of organ music played by Dr. Schweitzer, an eminent authority on Bach interpretation. Released during the last few months, the first and third volumes contain several profound examples of Bach's absolute music, and the second volume includes thirteen chorale-preludes. The first volume was recorded at All Hallows Church, Barking by the Tower, London; the others were made at Ste. Aurelie, Strasbourg. Columbia and Dr. Schweitzer, I believe, prefer the French organ. Even if one may discount the fact that the first volume is inferior in recording to the latter two — especially to the third — it is easy to explain the penchant for the French instrument. Its tone is brighter and far more sonorous, and it yields more graciously to the majesty of Bach's music.

The music is correctly, if not always inspiringly, played by Dr. Schweitzer. It is good to see the improvement in recording technique in the third volume. If more volumes are added, I hope that something will be done to remove the surplus resonance. These records come from English Columbia originally, and, like all sets from that source, they are accompanied by scholarly analytic brochures on Bach's organ music.

MUCH can be said on both sides about the value of adding the cello part to Bach's last two flute sonatas, as Musicraft has done for the first time, on records at least. Some may feel that it makes the figured bass too preponderant. Others may find that it rounds out the fullness of the harmony. For my part, I like it very much, if only because of the richness of color which emerges from the blending of the harpsichord and cello timbre, even more effective when juxtaposed to the flute.

M. Le Roy strives for purification in his tone. He seems to unemotionalize Bach. This is a laudable achievement, if it works, and in the long run he comes out ahead. But there is such a thing as overpurification, the point at which the playing becomes colorless and dry. Compare, for example, M. Le Roy's tone with that of Georges Laurent, who recorded some of the flute sonatas some seasons back for Columbia. As infinitely superior as are Musicraft's records to Columbia's older ones, technically speaking in this case, so much the more could M. Le Roy's performance be enhanced by M. Laurent's warm, round tone. That the flute sounds well with the cello and harpsichord almost goes without saying. The technical end of the recording is very fine, another indication of the fact that Musicraft knows how to make good surfaces. The residues are getting less and less, and it is hoped that in time they will disappear altogether.

FOR those who were unable to hear the seasonal performance of "Parsifal," there is some compensation quantitatively and more qualitatively in the Prelude and Good Friday Spell pressed on Victor records. In this set, the Philadelphia Orchestra is at a lustrous level. Its vibrant, passionate tone is revealed in all its dazzle, and Mr. Stokowski seems to make the most of some of Wagner's supreme music. Both excerpts are an amazing paradox of religiosity, a combination of devoutness and lust. Mr. Stokowski makes his orchestra penetrate to the very core of the emotions in the music and expose them in white heat. Victor does its job on the whole quite grandiosely; every subtle nuance comes out clearly, and the loud brass passages are articulate and resonant. Were it not for some needle scratch on two of the surfaces, this recording might claim consideration as one of Victor's finest products.

NOT so the Bach Double Concerto. The Schnabels play in good style, and, although the elder Schnabel has often been called Beethoven's prophet, both he and his son can make Bach's music and make it impressively. The slow movement is played without accompaniment, providing ample opportunity for some excellent pianism from both musicians. But the records are poorly made. There is altogether too much rumbling going on during the performance, and the residue and needle scratch are too pronounced. Also, in the parts in which the soloists and the orchestra are moving simultaneously, one finds too much muddiness. And there is considerable room for improvement in recording the tone of the piano.

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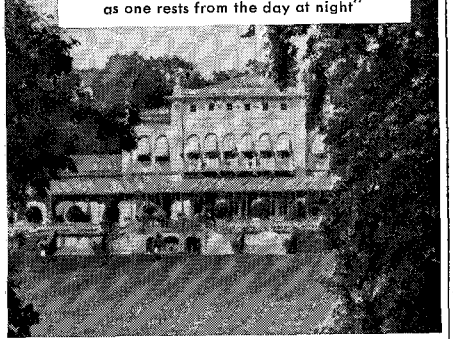

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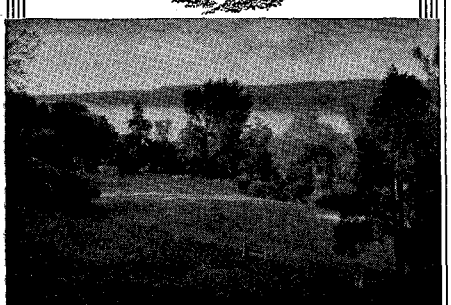

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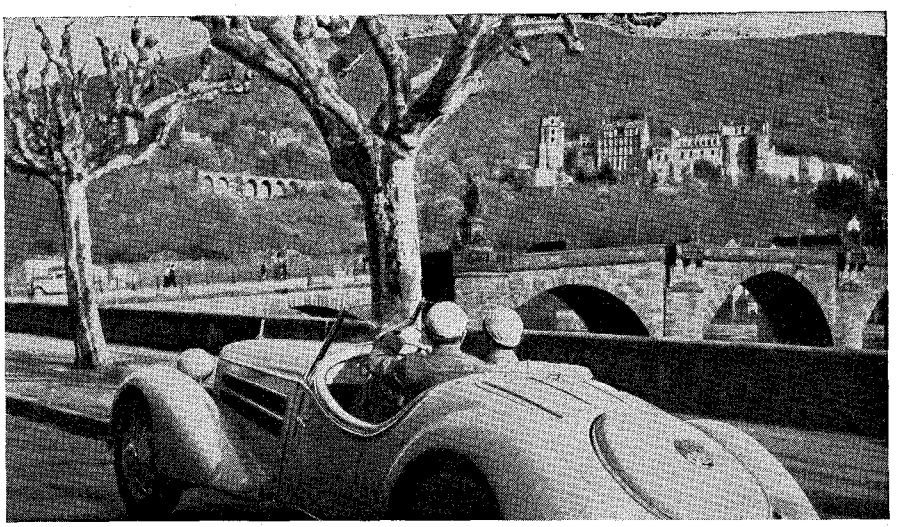

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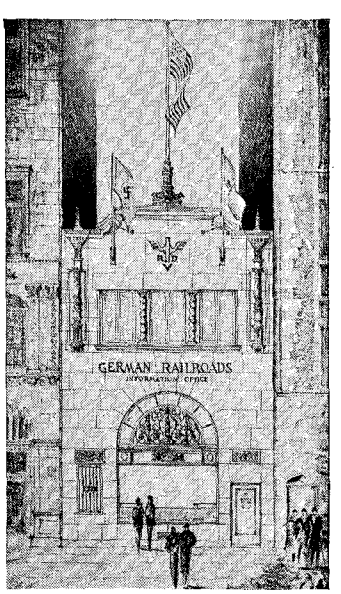

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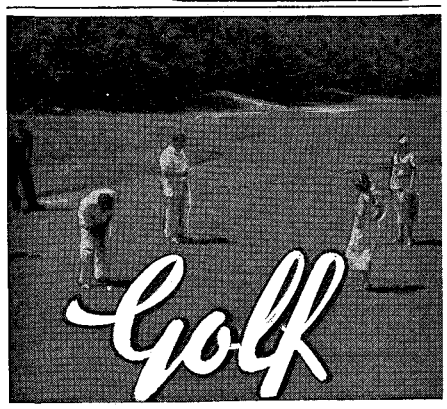

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

TO TIP OR NOT TO TIP

To the Editor:

I have just read Alvin Harlow's article ["Our Daily Bribe," April FORUM] and I am glad this question of tipping is receiving serious consideration. I am interested chiefly from the point of view that the workers should receive adequate salaries for work performed and should do their work equally well for everyone with whom they come in contact.

It should not be a question of getting better service if you can afford to give a tip large or small, and no worker should be subjected to the insecurity that low wages and dependence on tips for a living wage must force upon him.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The White House
Washington, D. C.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER?

To the Editor:

In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to Federal laws, State laws, County laws, City laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, Mother in laws, Brother in laws, Sister in laws and Outlaws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement tax, head tax, liquor tax, school tax, light tax, sales tax, carpet tax, income tax, food tax, furniture tax and excise tax. Even my brains are taxed.

I am required to get a business license, car license, hunting and fishing license, truck license, not to mention marriage license and dog license.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to women's relief, the unemployed relief, and the Gold diggers' relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the City, including the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Purple Cross and the Double Cross.

For my own safety I am compelled to carry life insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, property insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado insurance, unemployment insurance, old age and fire insurance.

My own business is so governed that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, dejected, examined, reexamined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need of the human race. Simply because I refuse to donate something or other I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am almost ruined. I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

LIGHT HEARTED

Charleston, S. C.

RACKET BUSTING

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The story of Thomas J. Courtney, our courageous State's Attorney ["The Shakedown," April FORUM] is moving and dramatic. How heartening it is to know that a fearless, two-fisted public prosecutor can get definite results against gangsters and racketeers! Courtney's splendid fight in behalf of legitimate labor organizations has our admiration and co-operation. It was illuminating and progressive of you to publish this narrative.

HENRY HORNER, *Governor*
Springfield, Ill.

FORD'S BENNETT

To the Editor:

Your article about Harry Bennett in the February FORUM ["Henry Ford's Commander in Chief," by John H. O'Brien] is very interesting, especially to one who has worked for Henry Ford for at least twelve years, six of them in the foundry. . . .

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No man in the Ford plant has to worry about Service men so long as he does right, just as no man needs to fear meeting an officer of the law if he is law-abiding.

So far as criticizing the boss is concerned, I have frequently heard them criticized, from Mr. Ford right down the line, and some of them right to their faces, but one thing is certain — if a man is unjustly accused, or thinks he is, he can always carry his case higher up, not only to the Sup't of his department, but right over the Sup't's head. . . .

I have heard it said that Satan was thrown out of Heaven for complaining about conditions up there, and if such is the case it stands to reason that we cannot expect the Ford Motor Co. to be perfect, neither can we expect Mr. Bennett to satisfy everybody.

DAVID FRASER

Detroit, Mich.

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BARNEY BARNATO — Richard Lewinsohn (Dutton, $3.00).
WHAT HATH A MAN? — Sarah Gertrude Millin (Harper, $2.50).
CHINA FIGHTS FOR HER LIFE — H. R. Ekins & Theon Wright (Whittlesey, $2.75).
OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, AND THEIRS — M. E. Tracy (Macmillan, $1.75).
THE TIME OF CHANGE — Lucile Grebenc (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00).

A GOOD scrap is always good copy. The first reporter to survey the no man's land between us and the microbes was Paul de Kruif, and his chronicles of the ever shifting battle against disease have won him a unique place in literature. *The Fight for Life* is his most exciting book, partly because it brings the front lines so very close to home and partly because it shows a man who has shed his cynicism and become more energetic and inspiriting than ever. A very Jehu of medical science, he drives furiously but with a purpose. It is a stony reader indeed who won't get up behind him and cheer.

Within the last decade an incredible advance has been made in knowledge of how to check or treat or eliminate entirely ancient scourges. All the dramatic spots in this passionately swift progress, the sacrifices of valiant men and women who have made it possible, are fuel for Mr. de Kruif's fire. And he turns its white heat against the barriers that stand between the healthmen's wisdom and technique and the public's well-being.

This is not to say he is a lone crusader. He believes people are convinced that "life is no longer a question of do I live or do I die. . . . It now becomes do *we* live or do *we* die."

Giving a magnificent affirmative to this faith, he tells the story of ideas, born in laboratories, that became healing realities to millions wherever there was money enough to put doctors and nurses into action. Pellagra and tuberculosis can be conquered, as can syphilis and the manifold dangers that threaten mothers and newborn children. The infantile-paralysis fight is perhaps half won.

The miracles de Kruif relates that have already been worked with shockingly meager funds fairly take your breath away. The best thing about it all is that it costs less to cure people than to let them die — if only those who hold the purse strings can be made to listen to figures. Paul de Kruif is sure they can be made to. If enough plain citizens read his rousing book, he is right — right as all those doctors who have long been tenaciously chasing more elusive things than dollars and cents.

A SCIENTIST as restrained as de Kruif is robust and as ailing as the Michigan dynamo is hardy was Charles Darwin. Yet, for all his lifelong battle with timidity and dyspepsia, he managed to assemble and defend a book that altered the whole course of human thought. Theories of evolution were, of course, in the air; but, where brilliant, flashing minds could not weld them together, Darwin's patient, agglutinative methods pieced out a coherent whole.

In Geoffrey West's *Charles Darwin*, the story of the great evolutionist is traced from his origins — almost from the origins of the Darwin species. Son of a physician — grandson of a physician, poet, gardener and handy-man of the sciences — Charles the happy-go-lucky disliked all studies and seemed to be headed for the life of a gentleman sportsman. He did collect bugs, but all college students had some such hobby. Then chance sent him off on the now famous voyage with the *Beagle*, which changed him from dilettante to diligent researcher — and invalid.

Mr. West's record of Darwin's progress makes lively and very dependable reading. Intimate, sympathetic, discreetly probing into the psychological, this gracefully written biography brings a new understanding of the stubborn, unassuming digger who provoked civil war in the sciences, with the whole lay world taking sides.

WHAT every editor dreams of is not just a fresh genius dropped onto his doorstep but one whom he can recognize. To his everlasting credit, Alden had the necessary perception when Seumas MacManus brought his manuscripts and the smell of Irish turf smoke into the office of *Harper's Magazine* many years ago. With the story of how Americans read and took him to their hearts and how he went home to live happily ever after, Mr. MacManus ends his volume of reminiscences, *The Rocky Road to Dublin*. If his Donegal countrymen doubted a mere

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The Book Forum

yarn could bring, even in America, as much as $100, they rejoiced in his fortune, wherever he said it came from.

Not that the author could blame them for their skepticism, recalling certain incidents of his youth. There was the time he got caught at poaching by the Marquis himself and the time he imagined that a stranger up in the hills wanted to butcher him for the meat on his wiry little frame and the later scandal of his teaching other small Irishmen things suspected of being disloyal to England. These and a thousand other whimsical or poignant or salty episodes make this book reading that is pure delight.

WHEN the diamond fields in South Africa were first opening, two young Englishmen ventured out to test the raw promise of the country. One was Cecil Rhodes, austere, imaginative, scholarly. The other was a hearty, adventurous product of London's slums, where he clowned in music halls under the name of Barney Barnato. Each, with his own flair for business, built up a fortune in vast enterprises; and sooner or later the two had to clash.

Rhodes and his visions of empire and monopoly are perhaps more challenging to the biographer; but Richard Lewinsohn, in his *Barney Barnato*, reveals the chubby comedian-financier as the more human and engaging. Barney didn't really give a hoot for empire — he liked to make money and he was shrewdly factual in the way he went about it. He was utterly without pretense. Although Rhodes, subtle and complex, could outmaneuver him, Barnato's simple directness seemed to get him as far in the end. His one and colossal mistake, says his biographer, was to let Rhodes steer him into politics. Barney, the astute merchant, had no gift for intrigue of that sort; and the Boer situation, in which he played an important and heartbreaking part, drove him finally to depression and suicide.

Making prime use of the contrast between these two men of power, Mr. Lewinsohn has written a swift, lucid, and thoroughly entertaining story of their times.

STIRRED by Rhodes's visions and accomplishments, scores of other Englishmen soon set out to fulfill Britain's destiny in South Africa. In her new novel *What Hath a Man?* Sarah Gertrude Millin tells the story of Henry Ormandy, one of those sturdy youths who served half as commercial pioneer, half as government watchdog.

Though some of his confreres must have loved the color and authority and danger of the job, Henry found it strange and bewildering. The Africans, he thought, were worthy if rather dull people; and he was amazed to hear himself branded a negrophile. He saw logic behind white laws for black natives, but was shocked to find them enforced by brute strength rather than by reason. Henry was, finally, a Catholic and inclined to the ascetic. Still, there were things he felt he could profitably teach his God; and women, for all St. Paul's doctrine, successfully obtruded in his life.

Henry's search for a way through the tangle of contradictions and betrayals is the search of all puzzled, sensitive men who, falling short of genius, can accept only half the obligations and privileges of mediocrity. Mrs. Millin gives him no catchword solution, no facile power of decision. As always, she writes sanely yet provocatively, and her story should touch many who sense that there must be some road to choose besides the one to Africa — or to the psychoanalyst.

A STREAMLINED account of China's war for independence comes this month from H. R. Ekins, veteran U.P. correspondent in the Orient. Collaborating with Theon Wright, he has made *China Fights for Her Life* much easier to read than the evening paper — and much less likely to be left outside the door next morning for the janitor to take away.

Here is all the drama in the rise to power of the two generals who have quit shooting at each other and together are now drawing a bead on Japan. Chiang Kai-shek was born to live an obscure life, if the law of averages in overpopulated China means anything. So was Chu Teh, mysterious military genius who commands the Red armies by profession and knocks off for an enthusiastic if awkward game of basketball by preference. And American-educated Madame Chiang Kai-shek plays a no less influential part than her inscrutable dictator husband in this history, which is as documentary as it is animated.

Emphasis throughout the book falls on the personalities behind the programs that are remaking the destiny of China. These programs are all outlined — be they pro-Japanese or pro-Soviet — and important battles and the epic march of the Red armies across half the face of China. But in the end the authors are most interested in people. Even the appendix, which suddenly takes on a scholarly note quite in contrast to the jaunty and almost abandoned text, concludes with thumbnail biographies of prominent figures. *China Fights for Her Life* is good journalism, which is to say it is at once factual, crisp, and ever so approachable.

THERE'S a pretty good chance you will be able to silence your overcontentious neighbor — or debunk your contrary Congressman — if you bone up on *Our Country, Our People, and Theirs*. Here, in

Man Can Talk With God, Says Noted Psychologist

A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how we may find, understand and use the same identical power which Jesus used in performing His so-called Miracles, is attracting world wide attention to its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted psychologist, author and lecturer.

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Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it — how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him.

If you want to read this highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth, just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, 707–6th Street, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today. — Copyright 1935 Dr. Frank B. Robinson. — Advertisement.

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The Book Forum

four parallel columns on each page, Editor M. E. Tracy of *Current History* compares Italy, Germany, Russia, and the United States.

How much less iron does Italy have than the U.S.S.R.? What are the different laws and practices governing the care of mothers or munitions makers — and what is the relative birth rate of babies and bombs — in the countries that control so much of the immediate future of the world? Mr. Tracy's admirably conceived book gives the answers, omitting only the trends and thus allowing something still for you and your neighbor to wrangle about.

No warmed-over *World Almanac* is this compilation. The facts are much easier to get at and to study, beautifully printed with graphic charts and maps on ample *Fortune*-sized pages. And what does all this pithy comparison of peoples, laws, places, and politics indicate? Mr. Tracy frankly states in his introduction that he has set out to demonstrate the superiority of the American way. He has presented his case with more than run-of-the-mill persuasiveness.

SEVERAL years ago Lucile Grebenc left New York behind her, bent on making her plot of Connecticut soil yield satisfactions the city could not. Luckily she had both the green thumb and the gift for telling its exploits. And so, along with crops, she produced one of the few really tempting back-to-the-land books. In *The Time of Change,* she turns to fiction and to another age.

Against the Connecticut country scene of 100 years ago, she traces the story of a girl whose life was marked by two historic events. The War of 1812 carried off her husband to fight the British on their wedding day. Then the great storm and tidal wave engulfed him and his project for a cloth mill on the night their son was born. The manner in which she shaped her days to sorrow and hope and new love reveals all the warm, homespun details of farm living, at the time when machines were just beginning to bring their threat and promise to New England.

In this vivid reconstruction of the past Miss Grebenc makes a new field her own. If her characters seem at times less vital than their surroundings, she has gained surety in the expression of her fierce devotion to the earth and the things that grow from it.

M. L. ELTING

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TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

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TOASTS

STRUTHERS BURT, that entertaining novelist and essayist with whom most readers are familiar, lives in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His last FORUM contribution was "Will the Upper Classes Vanish?" (December, 1937).

RALPH HALEY'S childhood was spent in the Orient, and the New England countryside seems very tame to him after those years of snakes and Anopheles mosquitoes. "Still," he says, "whenever I see a blacksnake I have to remind myself that it is not a cobra."

ROGER BURLINGAME lives on the small Connecticut farm described in his article. His last book was *Three Bags Full*, and he is at present at work on another, a social history of invention in the United States to be called *The March of the Iron Men*.

DAVID CARL COLONY is Rector of St. Luke's Church in Philadelphia's industrial Kensington. He is nominally connected with the Mission Industrial School, in South Philadelphia, which he originally organized and later turned over to a board of directors.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS is a counsel on public relations, and was not long ago referred to in *Time* as "U. S. publicist Number One." He is the author of *Propaganda* and *Crystallizing Public Opinion*.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG was born in Chicago of Scandinavian parentage. From 1924 to 1934 he was a newspaperman, first in Chicago and then in New York. In 1936 he published *Imperial Hearst* and, last fall, *America's Sixty Families*, which started a number of small riots. His next book will deal with Wall Street's financial history.

JAMES FINAN is a native and resident of New York City. He attended Columbia University and has written for several newspapers as well as the *New Yorker* and *Esquire*.

The ANONYMOUS author of "A Career Woman Regrets" is a woman of some prominence in both social and political circles in New York City.

DONALD ANDREWS is associated with one of the nation's leading colleges, in the Middle West, and has been interested for 30 years in the phase of their work discussed in his article.

FREDERICK K. STAMM has been Minister of the Clinton Avenue Community Church, in Brooklyn, New York, since 1929. He has written for many magazines and this month began his eighth year of broadcasting for the National Broadcasting Company, on "High Lights of the Bible."

HARRY PRICE was born in England, and, both before and after coming to this country (of which he is now a citizen) traveled or lived in close to twenty others. He is the author of one book and has been engaged in newspaper and magazine publishing for a number of years.

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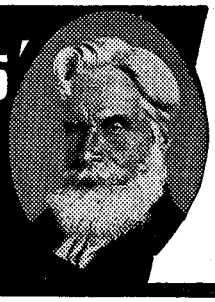

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